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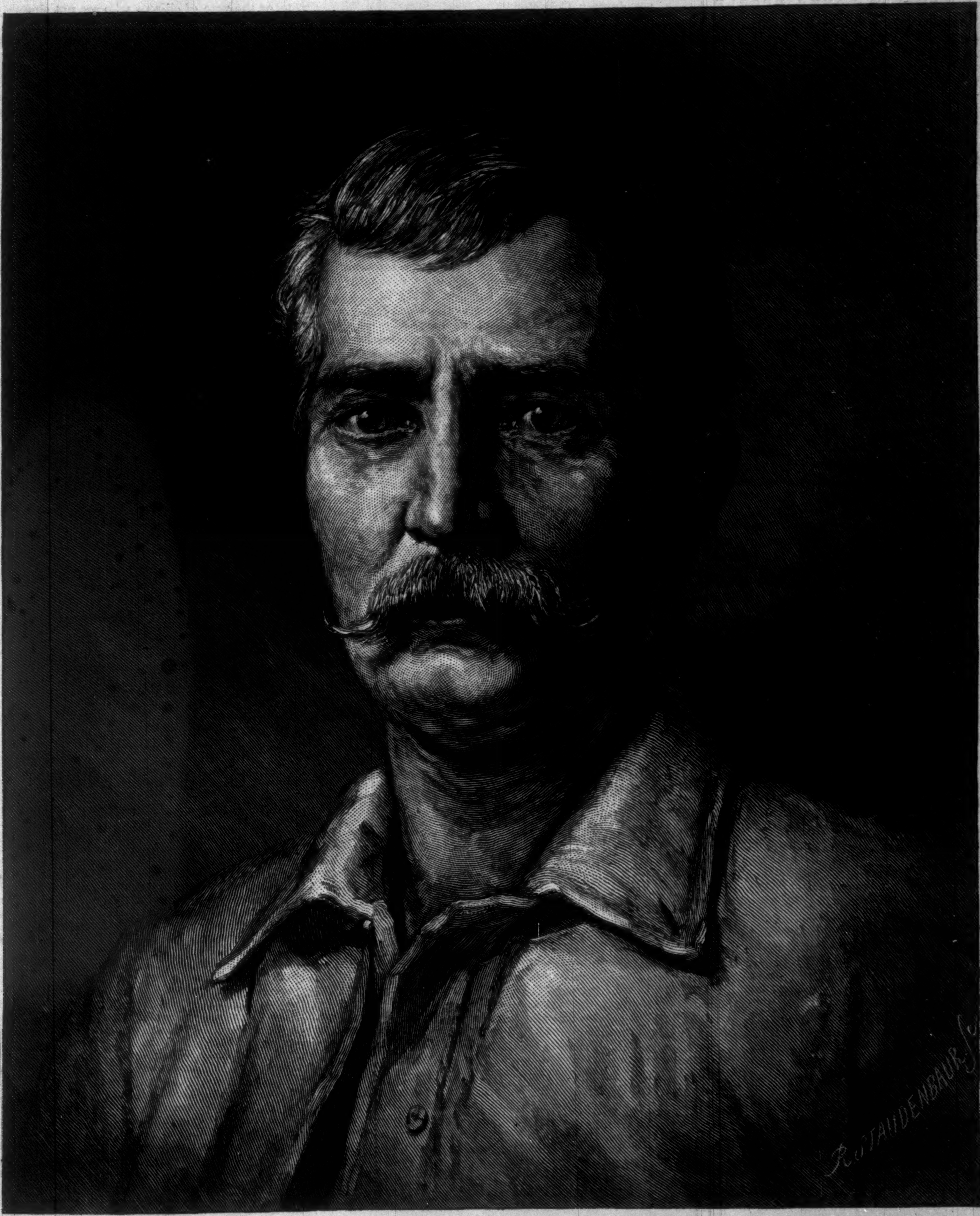
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HENRY M. STANLEY.—From a Portrait painted by Felix Moscheles in 1883.—[See Page 443.]

FRAUD.

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The number issued July 7 is especially strong in fiction, for in addition to an installment of DAVID KER'S *serial, "Into Unknown Seas," there is a capital short story by* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *and one by* MRS. JULIA K. HILDRETH.

MRS. HAYS'S *story is entitled "Frija, the Ice King's Daughter," and is illustrated by* ALFRED FREDERICKS. MRS. HILDRETH *calls her story*

"THE BIRTHDAY POEM,"

and it furnishes the subject for a full-page engraving from a drawing by FREDERIC DIELMAN.

An article of timely interest is a short paper on VICTOR HUGO *and his grandchildren. "The Animal Album Society" suggests a new field for young collectors, and is illustrated after photographs.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885.

THE NEW YORK APPOINTMENTS.

THE appointment of the chief customs officers of New York has been for many years one of the most interesting and exciting events in a new administration. Four years ago it convulsed the Republican party in the State, threw Mr. CONKLING out of public life, and led indirectly to the assassination of the President. The reason of the excitement in the appointment is that, under the spoils system, the Collector of New York has been regarded as the chief political lieutenant of the Administration in the State. He has been usually one of the leading local politicians of his party, appointed for that reason, and not because of any special knowledge, training, or fitness for the office, and he has devoted the patronage and influence of the office, which were formerly very great, to the interests of his party. It is by such abuses that a political class has arisen, paid from the public Treasury, and using the public money to promote party advantage, thus depriving the people of the initiative in their own government, and filling the public service with the henchmen of party "bosses," who obtain and retain their places by the favor of the boss, and not by their own merit or devotion to the public service. This is one of the most menacing of public evils which reform proposes to correct, and the action of President CLEVELAND in regard to the New York appointments has been naturally awaited with great interest. He has selected for Collector Mr. HEDDEN, a gentleman unknown as a politician, or in any public capacity, who is warmly commended by respectable business men, and who states that he is in perfect sympathy with the reformed system, and means to see it thoroughly enforced, and that every applicant for appointment, as the rules prescribe, must stand upon his own merits. Assuming that his declaration is not a falsehood, in the practical application of the reformed system he will have the assistance of the thorough knowledge and long experience of the restored Naval Officer, Mr. BURT.

Mr. HEDDEN's appointment was received with great disfavor by the morning newspapers on the day following its announcement. Both the Democratic and Republican journals described the new Collector as the tool of Mr. HUBERT O. THOMPSON, who was among those who recommended him. Mr. THOMPSON, in his turn, says that he is himself a politician, and that he would like to see a politician at the head of the Custom-house, but that the President was of another opinion, and insisted upon a business man who was not active in politics. The charge that the Collector is now or will be hereafter a tool of Mr. THOMPSON's—that is to say, that he will use the patronage of the Custom-house as Mr. THOMPSON may direct—can be verified only by experience. Even should he wish to do so, the Collector's ability would be limited to removals. The patronage of the Collector's office includes, in round numbers, some twelve or thirteen hundred employés. All of these the Collector may remove at pleasure, but as some nine hundred of the places are embraced in the classified service, the power of arbitrary appointment, which is the important power, is reduced in that degree. Mayor GRACE, who favored another candidate than Mr. HEDDEN, says truly that by preventing the appointment of men who are most serviceable to machines, the reform system "rings the death-knell of organizations." We have no doubt whatever that should the Collector, as the tool of Mr. THOMPSON or Mr. MANNING or Mr. WHITNEY, or for his own purposes, attempt to use for political and partisan objects such patronage as he may command, he would be promptly called to account by the President. If President CLEVELAND had desired or designed a political prostitution of the Custom-house and Post-office patronage, he would not have re-appointed the Republican Postmaster, he would have appointed a political Collector, and he would not have selected Mr. BURT to be Naval Officer. Mr. CLEVELAND does not work by indirection. He has the full courage of his convictions, and if he had intended to put the Custom-house under the control of Mr. THOMPSON, he would have made Mr. THOMPSON, and not a THOMPSON dummy, Collector.

In consequence of the appointments the President's fidelity to the principles of reform has been virulently assailed. Many sincere friends of reform have wondered why he did not appoint a known reformer like Mr. BURT to be Collector, and why Mr. BENEDICT, the experienced and non-partisan Surveyor, is displaced by Mr. BEATTIE, known only as a politician and the Secretary of the County Democracy. We wish also that Mr. BURT might have been appointed Collector, and that Mr. BENEDICT, considered only as a non-partisan and experienced officer, might have been retained; and had Mr. CLEVELAND been elected upon a distinct issue of civil service reform, he would undoubtedly have taken precisely such action, unless he had supposed the Surveyor to be too closely wedded to old methods to adapt himself readily to new ones. But as he was not elected upon that issue—which, although of paramount importance, was not treated as such by either party in the campaign—without the slightest doubt of the sincerity of the President's convictions or of his general purpose, and mindful of his party relations and the conflict of considerations, we have not been surprised, as in the case of his Republican predecessors, by an incomplete and sometimes an apparently inconsistent course. So long as civil service reform is not the declared and accepted policy of either party, a system of appointments and removals which should be strictly conformed to the principles of reform can not be fairly expected from any administration. But since the spoils system was introduced into the national administration no President of any party has given such signal and conclusive evidence both of his reform convictions and his official courage as the Democratic President CLEVELAND in re-appointing a Republican Postmaster of New York; in selecting for Collector a Democratic business man who is not a politician, and who frankly declares his purpose to enforce the reformed system; in promoting to the Appraisership a Democratic Assistant Appraiser who is not a politician, and who is thoroughly versed in the duties of his office; and in restoring to his old place, to which a Republican President declined to re-appoint him, one of the very ablest and best of Republican customs officers, whose absolute fidelity to reform the President personally knows by long official association. It is mere partisan fury to deny to a President who has done these things, and who was not elected upon a declared party policy of adhesion to reform, the strongest principle and the highest courage. Nor will any sincere friend of administrative reform deny that such executive action is of the utmost service toward the final overthrow of the odious and un-American spoils system which deprives the great body of American citizens in both parties of a free and equal chance to secure a place in the employment of the government. Certainly no voter who supported Mr. CLEVELAND because he believed him to be sincerely resolved upon reform has yet had reason to regret his action.

A NOTE OF PREPARATION.

IT is not too early to reflect that as the reputation of the late Legislature in this State was most unsavory, success in the election of the autumn will depend largely upon the character of the candidates. In a Presidential year the minor candidacies are swept along in the current of the greater, and the Presidential nomination is expected to pull all other nominations through. But this year it is evident that personal considerations will be of the utmost importance. "People don't vote for party so much as they used to," said a tough old Democrat the other day; and it is very true. The late Legislature, with its strong Republican majority, by its attack upon the reform law, and by its failure to take a definite course upon the prison labor question and other questions of importance, did not help the Republican prestige. It will not be found a very powerful argument to say that the Republican is quite as good as the Democratic party. We certainly are not disposed to deny it. But the force of that reasoning, which has done good service in the past, is evidently spent.

It is the Legislature which should be secured by the friends of honest and wise legislation, who oppose rings and deals and jobbery—a Legislature whose members' names will not appear upon the books of the lobby, and which can not be bought directly or indirectly. One good Legislature, honest, industrious, and efficient, mindful of the public welfare, and co-operating with the best public opinion without angling for party advantage, would be of the utmost service to either party. Sagacious politicians see that the present contest of parties is not to carry out a party policy, for in this State there is none on either side. The real contest is to win public confidence. That confidence, however, can not be won by merely beating the party drum, by indiscriminate denunciation of the awful wickedness of the other party, and by loud party celebration of the party virtue.

Still less can it be won by illicitly seeking the vote of particular classes of the opposition. Such illicit seeking upon the Republican side would be nominations designed to secure a religious vote, or the liquor vote, or the vote of citizens who are not sincerely in sympathy with the effort for honest legislation in the old Republican spirit. Victory won by an unnatural alliance necessarily degrades and weakens a party instead of strengthening it. There is unquestionably discontent in the Democratic party with much of the best work of the national Administration, and there is intense bitterness of feeling in the Republican party toward the large body of Republicans who did not support Mr. BLAINE. The true policy of both parties, however, lies not in gratifying grudges, nor in trusting to patronage, but in the endeavor to gain public confidence by the unimpeachable character of the nominations for the Legislature, as for all the executive offices which are to be filled at this election. The cry of principles, not men, is a good cry. But it does not mean in war that the good cause is to be intrusted to military imbeciles or knaves, nor in politics that bad men are to be accepted as representatives of good principles. The words of an old Republican express a feeling so general that it will be wise to heed it: "It used to be party with me; it is now men and principles, or rather men with principles."

THE IRISH AND TORY ALLIANCE.

IT was by the vote of the Parnellites, or Irish Nationalists, that the GLADSTONE Ministry was overthrown, and one of the leading Nationalist journals announces that there can be no satisfactory law for Irish relief except one which the House of Lords approves. That the Irish party has broken with the Liberals, at least for the present, is evident. But the terms of a Tory alliance are plainly stated by MICHAEL DAVITT at a mass-meeting in Hyde Park. He says that the Irish Nationalists will tolerate no half-way measures of relief, and that they demand for Ireland the same control of its affairs which is enjoyed by Canada and Australia.

This is the demand for a merely nominal connection with England. Canada and Australia have their own Parliament, lay their own taxes, and are practically independent. Until this independence is conceded, Mr. DAVITT says Ireland will continue to obstruct British legislation and to threaten British power. An illustration of the Irish method is furnished by the overthrow of the GLADSTONE Ministry, and the installation of a Tory Government which is necessarily powerless.

Speculation upon the result of this definite demand of the Irish party is useless until the actual political situation is disclosed by the election under the enlarged suffrage. In view of the Irish policy of supporting the Tory Government, the prospect of a decisive Liberal majority over the coalition is not clear. The Irish Nationalists will perhaps hold the balance of power, in which case the Irish question will take precedence of all other questions, because it will involve the stability of the Ministry.

EX-SENATOR DOOLITTLE'S STATEMENT.

EX-SENATOR J. R. DOOLITTLE has written an apparently conclusive refutation of the charge, which was recently renewed, that as Senator twenty years ago he procured a permit to trade in cotton for THOMAS J. CONNATTY, and then exacted or took a promise of a share of the profits for obtaining it. This is a charge of trading upon his office which, if true, should be fatal to Mr. DOOLITTLE, but which, if false, is a cruel wrong. When the charge was first made, Mr. DOOLITTLE says that he wrote a letter to Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON stating facts which proved it to be impossible. At Mr. DOOLITTLE's request, Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR searched the records, and ascertained that CONNATTY obtained his permit without recommendation from any person whatever. But since the repetition of the charge Mr. DOOLITTLE has obtained still further proof.

Secretary MANNING now confirms Mr. BLAIR's statement that no letter or recommendation or communication bearing upon the subject from Mr. DOOLITTLE can be found in the department. Mr. NOERR, chief of the division having charge of all such permits, knew CONNATTY well, and makes affidavit that he needed no recommendation to obtain a permit, and that there is no record of any recommendation from any person. Mr. RISLEY also, the agent of the United States upon whose knowledge and discretion, as Mr. DOOLITTLE says, all cotton contracts were made, swears that CONNATTY served under him for a year or more, and that at CONNATTY's own request he made the contract upon his own knowledge and acquaintance with him, and that Mr. DOOLITTLE made no request or recommendation, written or verbal, upon the subject, and that he [RISLEY] personally obtained the permit from President LINCOLN.

Until this evidence is discredited the exculpation of Mr. DOOLITTLE from this charge seems to be complete. He adds that he left the public service a poorer man than when he entered it, and that if he had been capable of so infamous an act as is charged, some other acts of the kind could be produced. Yet during a political career of thirty-five years no political or personal opponent, he says, has ever accused him of dishonesty.

FISH AND WARD.

It is a little more than a year since the transactions of James D. Fish were made public, and there was a general feeling that by some evasion of the law he would escape. But after due trial, and with general approval, he has been taken to the State-prison at Auburn for ten years. His confederate, Ward, has been hoping to elude the law either through some technicality or from mysterious delays which are attributed to the influence of persons who would be exposed upon his trial. But there now seems to be a probability that he will undergo the penalty of his crimes.

The sure punishment of these two men will have a salutary effect. The temptations of the mad whirl of money gambling in and around Wall Street are so insidious and sophistical that many a young man may be easily betrayed. But examples so trenchant as these are warnings which no gambler can help heeding, and in many a case they will be the decisive influence to prevent his taking the fatal risk.

Fish's punishment is most timely. It will remind everybody who is interested in a bank, either as officer or depositor, of the folly of the common practice of permitting one man to become virtually the bank. One of the extraordinary revelations of last year's troubles was the degree of the directors' ignorance of the affairs of their own institutions, and of the extent to which all control was surrendered to the president. It is such revelations which produce panics, because they necessarily destroy confidence. In the case of Fish the course of law is the doing of justice, and his punishment is a public benefit.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S GIFTS.

Among the pleasantest events of the Commencement season is the gift of Professor Tyndall to Columbia College, to Harvard University, and to the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. W. H. Appleton tells the circumstances under which the gift is made. When Professor Tyndall was in this country in 1872 he delivered several courses of lectures, with very great success, to delighted audiences. But as he did not come to this country for the purpose of lecturing, he decided to make the money that was paid to him for the lectures a fund to promote original research in physics in the United States.

He placed the fund in the hands of three trustees—his uncle, Dr. Tyndall, of Philadelphia, and his friends Professor Joseph Henry, of Washington, and Dr. E. L. Youmans, of New York, the vacancies to be filled by the President of the National Academy of Sciences. In place of the first-named two gentlemen, who are dead, President W. B. Rogers, of the Academy, appointed President Barnard, of Columbia, and Professor Lovering, of Harvard. The intention of Professor Tyndall was to support one or two special students for life. But for various reasons the trustees advised that the fund be lodged in some institution where young students were constantly on trial.

The fund, meanwhile, had grown to a sum of $32,000, and upon the advice of the trustees Professor Tyndall has divided it into three parts, to be allotted as we have stated. It will thus be devoted in the best way to the purpose which he has in mind, while Professor Tyndall's thoughtful generosity is a proof of kindly feeling for this country which is most heartily reciprocated.

JUSTICE TO MISS CARROLL.

We have more than once stated the grounds upon which Miss Anna Ella Carroll has sought from the government some official recognition of her claim to the suggestion of the great campaign of 1862 up the Tennessee River, which was of the utmost service to the national cause. We are glad to say that the claim is at length acknowledged by the Court of Claims, and it is to be assumed that a proper recompense, which she needs, will promptly follow.

General Grant, when he saw and suggested the same general movement, was wholly ignorant of Miss Carroll's communication to the government. But President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and Senator Wade have stated that the campaign was undertaken on the plan of Miss Carroll, and the Senator said that she had saved the Union almost in the last extremity. The honors of no one are diminished by the frank recognition of the facts and the due ascription of the credit to Miss Carroll.

The Springfield *Republican*, which has strongly befriended Miss Carroll during the long controversy, is mistaken, let us hope, in saying, "We are afraid it is true that the acknowledgment of the fact and the justice of recompense have been delayed so long chiefly because Miss Carroll has not the right to vote, and can not bear arms—in short, is of the inferior sex, ranking, therefore, with idiots, criminals, and Indians not taxed."

"THE SOUTH" IN THE UNION ARMY.

The *Evening Post* has made some interesting calculations from the statistics of the number of men in the Union army and the parts of the country from which they came. The whole number of Union soldiers, from the firing on Fort Sumter to the end of the war, was 3,859,132, of which the Northern States furnished 2,390,091. The census of 1860 showed that there were 3,936,503 men of military age, between eighteen and forty-five years, in the Northern States, so that the whole number of troops furnished by them was just short of 61 per cent. The percentage varied largely in the different States; New Hampshire sent 54 per cent., and Indiana, which was held to be a very strong Copperhead region, 74 per cent.

It is surprising, however, that the State which furnished the largest number of Union troops in proportion to her population was the old Slave State of Delaware. In 1860 she had 18,273 white males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and she sent 13,670 men into the Union army, which was 74.8 per cent. Rhode Island, the next smaller State, sent 66 per cent.; and next to Indiana, which sent 74, Kansas sent 72 per cent.

Maryland, another border State in bad Union repute, sent 49 per cent. of her military population. Kentucky, whose Governor made an insolent reply to President Lincoln's summons, nevertheless sent 79,025 out of 180,589 of the army age, or nearly 44 per cent. Missouri sent 47 per cent., and Tennessee, which actually seceded, furnished 31,092 men to the Union ranks. The half-dozen border States gave 315,282 men to defend the Union. From other Southern States came 23,045, making a total of 338,327, or about one-eighth of the Union forces, from the old Slave States. The *Post* shows the non-partisan character of the army from such facts as that while Delaware gave Lincoln less than one-quarter of her votes, and Vermont more than three-quarters, yet Vermont sent only 58 per cent. of her available men into the army, and Delaware nearly 75 per cent. The *Post* concludes its interesting analysis by saying:

> "The Southern men who fought for the Union have enjoyed, perhaps, the sweetest victory ever vouchsafed to the champions of a righteous cause. They have not only seen the cause triumph when but for their help it must seemingly have failed; they have also lived to see the men of their own States over whom they triumphed confessing their satisfaction that the contest ended as it did."

THE CONGO AND ITS FREE STATE.

The very handsome book of Mr. Stanley's which is just issued in two fully illustrated volumes by the Harpers is one of the most important works of the year. It is a thorough and exhaustive account of all the aspects of life in the heart of the "Dark Continent," the valley of a river larger than the Nile, which until now has been wholly hidden from human knowledge. The author recognizes this fact. He is aware that his subject is invested with no charm of poetic association or historic renown. It is not a region of which old travellers tell their "idle tales" for "fools at home" to believe, and almost the sole information in regard to it is that it is the chief seat of the most inhuman traffic in the world, the slave-trade.

The opening of such a realm not only to general knowledge, but to civilization and the arts of industry and peace, is an enterprise which marks the humanity of the time. To this great project the services of Mr. Stanley are inestimable. He has explored the vast Congo Valley with the zeal and the talent of the born traveller, and his record is indispensable to those who would understand its resources, opportunities, and possibilities. The book is the narrative of a practical discoverer and explorer, but it is also a cyclopædia of the Congo.

The descriptions of the slave traffic which are given in detail are pictures most painful and revolting from their truth. Nothing could prove more conclusively that essential "barbarism of slavery" upon which Charles Sumner used strenuously to insist. This crime will disappear in the free state of the Congo which has been formed by the great states of Christendom, and which Mr. Stanley describes as a region of singular fertility, with a vast variety of products, the most valuable forest trees, coffee, peltries, ivory, copper, with a soil friendly to cotton, maize, rice, tobacco, sugar, and wheat, while the climate is generally healthful. The book is a glimpse into a new world which humane and civilized energy and skill will rapidly transform into a better world.

MUGWUMPERY.

In the course of a recent interview with a *Tribune* reporter, Mr. William H. Williams, President of the Brooklyn Young Republican Club, said that

> "it is an organization composed of 3000 intensely loyal Republicans; that it has a well-nigh matchless record for doing practical political work, and that it has also a kicking capacity equal to many times its numerical strength. I think that I am only doing its members justice in saying that unfit nominations, or those accomplished by trickery or dictation, will not receive its support."

This is orthodox Mugwumpery. To refuse to support party nominations because they are unfit or because they are wrongfully made is to be a Mugwump. In other words, it is to refuse to allow other people to persuade you to vote against your conscience and your intelligence. It is to say that there is a point of self-respect beyond which the most "intensely loyal" Republican will not go in deference to "party."

There were a great many members of the Young Republican Club of Brooklyn who took this view last year, and acted accordingly. But their intense loyalty was denied. If Mr. Williams's view shall be shown to be the Republican view this year in nominating candidates, it will be very fortunate for the Republican party.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest of college "Greek letter" societies, and the Boston *Advertiser* recently gave a very interesting sketch of it. It was founded in 1776 at William and Mary College, in Virginia. Five years later, in 1781, the activity of the college was suspended by the approach of Cornwallis. Its papers were sealed up, and its members, among whom were some of the most eminent Virginians, were dispersed. After a generation the original charter was discovered, and the original society was renewed at William and Mary. But it declined again, and the records were deposited with the Virginia Historical Society. They disappeared during the civil war, but have been recently recovered.

It was a college society for debate and composition, and during its first five years at William and Mary there were forty-nine members. Elisha Parmelee, a student of Yale and Cambridge, whom pulmonary troubles drove to Virginia, was very kindly received there, and upon his return to New England he brought a charter for the society to Yale and Harvard. It is in the New England colleges that the society has chiefly flourished, and amid the rapid multiplication of similar societies it still holds its own as the staid and conservative forerunner of all.

Its centenary at Harvard in 1881 was noted for the last important public appearance of Wendell Phillips; it was also the semi-centenary of his graduation, and his oration was one of the most characteristic and eloquent of his discourses. He was then nearly seventy years old, and the occasion was very memorable. The great Phi Beta days at Harvard are that of sixty-one years ago, when Edward Everett delivered the oration concluding with the famous apostrophe to Lafayette, who was present; that of 1835, when Dr. Holmes read his poem, a metrical essay; that of 1837, when Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the first of his great college discourses; and that of 1881, when Wendell Phillips was the orator. A society whose anniversaries are marked by such events ought to be imperishable.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Horatio Potter, now eighty-three years old, has been confined to his room for nearly two years, and to his bed for many weeks. Though unable to walk, his general health is excellent, and his mind as bright as ever. He has allowed his beard to grow, and this, with his silvery locks and benign expression of countenance, gives him an extremely patriarchal appearance, that suggests one of the faces in an old medallion. His illness has left no trace upon his calm and spiritual brow, and a photograph of him, taken a few days ago as he lay propped up with pillows, is one of the most beautiful likenesses of a venerable prelate to be found anywhere. It will be engraved by Johnson for a memorial of the bishop now preparing by his family. Dr. Potter has been Bishop of New York for thirty-one years.

—Mr. H. H. Richardson, the distinguished architect, was one of the unsuccessful competitors for a design for the new Cathedral at Albany, but those who have seen that design speak of it as perhaps the most noteworthy of Mr. Richardson's productions. It is an open secret that the Episcopalians of this city intend one of these days to erect a magnificent cathedral here, and that some of their leaders are in favor of using for that purpose the plans that were rejected at Albany. Meanwhile Mr. Richardson holds on to his work, satisfied that it will by-and-by have an existence elsewhere than on paper.

—Some readers of *At the Red Glove* have a remembrance of a short story, published about fifteen years ago in an English magazine, and containing some of the characteristic features of that novel. The perplexity occasioned by this remembrance will be removed when the fact is stated that the short story was written by the author of the novel. In arranging for the publication in Harper's Magazine of *At the Red Glove*, the anonymous author mentioned this previous contribution as a brief tale, of which the novel was an expansion. The short story was a mere sketch—a study for the more elaborate work. It is as if a painter had exhibited a pencil sketch, and years afterward had from the same *motif* painted a large picture, making the most of his original conception. Surely every reader of *At the Red Glove* will be glad that its author took this liberty with the earlier work, elaborating its many happy suggestions, and making thereby one of the brightest and most humorous novels ever published.

—"I am left alone," writes the ex-Empress Eugénie to Monsignor Goddard, who was long her chaplain at Chiselhurst, "the sole remnant of a shipwreck which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world."

—Mlle. Van Zandt, after her sad experience in Paris, has been singing for the Londoners with great effect. One of their critics declares that he never heard such pure and clear staccatos, so unlike the usual touch of balls jingled in the air, and that her E is a pure, crystalline, well-travelling E, not squeezed out, not shouted, yet thoroughly penetrating. The prima donna made a great hit at the "American Concert" by singing "God Save the Queen." The enthusiasm was tumultuous.

—A traveller recently found himself in an Armenian church at Constantinople when the audience were singing a hymn, with closed eyes and profound feeling, to a simple melody. Many of them were so deeply affected as to shed tears while they sang. The stranger asked his guide what the words were, and found them to be an Armenian translation of Toplady's famous hymn "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

—His six-year-old daughter: "Papa, which would you rather be, a man or a woman?" Father (hesitatingly): "Well, since I am a man, I suppose I must be satisfied with that." Daughter (confidently): "*I* would rather be a woman, because she can dress in colors."

—Lady Tennyson is in very delicate health. She and her poet husband have returned to their home at Farringford, Isle of Wight, after a sojourn in the bracing air of the Hampshire Downs.

—Prince Henry of Battenberg, on the day of his marriage to the Princess Beatrice, will be invested by his royal mother-in-law with the insignia of a Knight of the Garter.

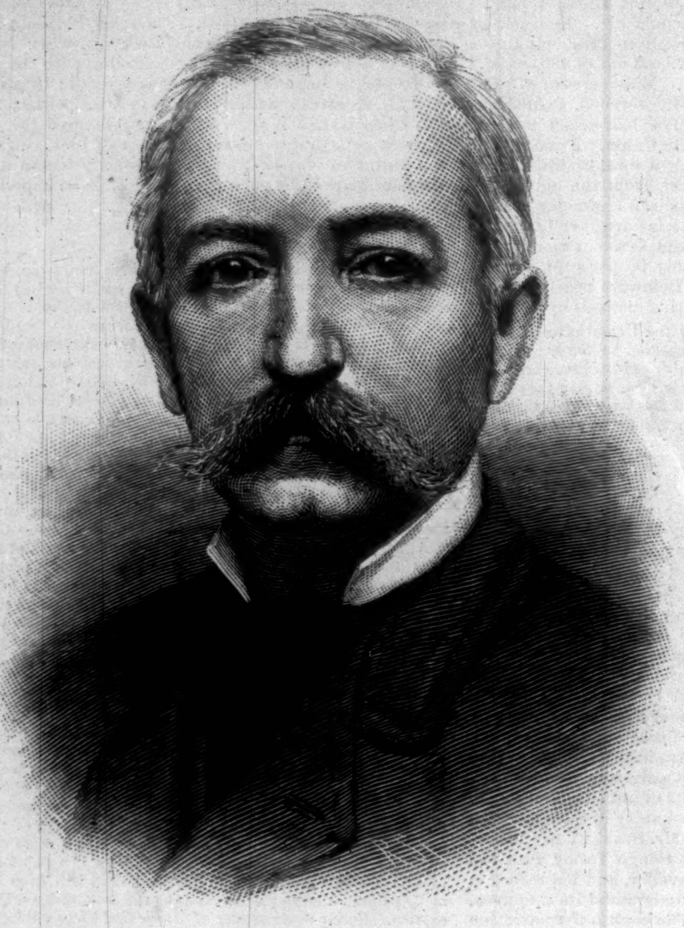
—Admiral Courbet, of the French squadron in Chinese waters, died most unhappily, as indicated in his own letters to his sister. He was a Catholic, and the republican government mistrusted him. He was opposed to the expedition to China because of insufficient preparations for it, but his objections were unheeded. An officer with high ideals and extraordinary *élan*, he perished miserably of a broken heart.

—In his trip across Africa, Lieutenant Cameron met a local chief, Kasongo by name, who was followed by a large number of men, many of them mutilated simply at the caprice of their master. One of them had lost hands, nose, ears, and lips in consequence of Kasongo's fits of temper, and yet seemed to worship the ground the tyrant stood on.

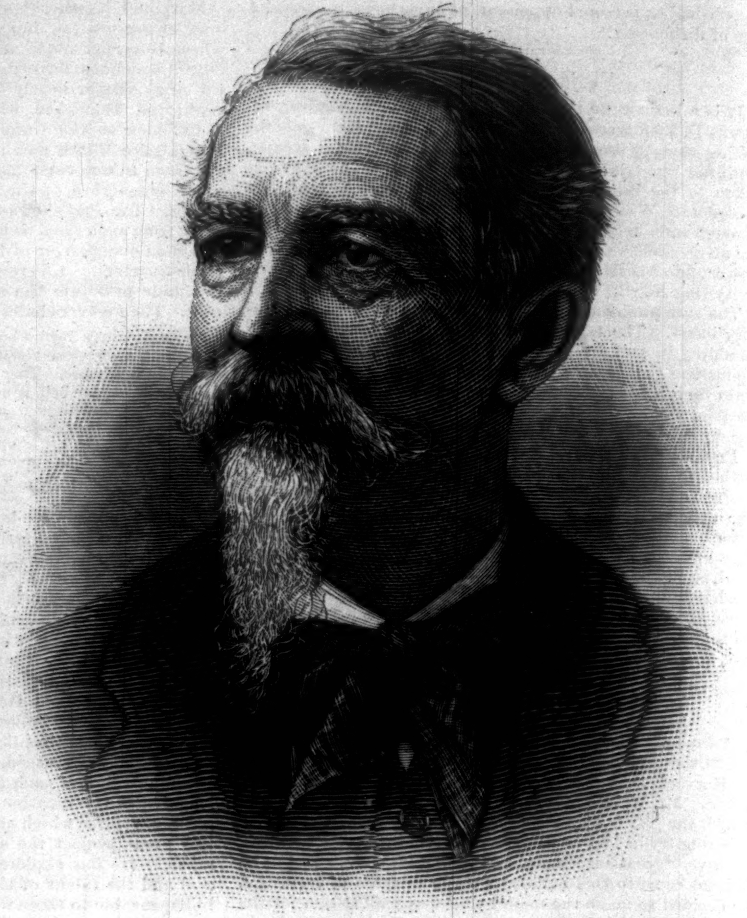
—Mr. Lowell, says the London *Telegraph*, goes back to the United States with the well-earned reputation of having been the best American Minister that ever represented his native country in England, or indeed in any other part of Europe, with perhaps the exception of Benjamin Franklin. The United States, it continues, have always been served with the highest ability and efficiency by their representatives at the English court, but the salary now given to Ministers might not always secure the services of men of this exceptional class.

—A friend of the late Rev. Mark Pattison says that he sought and obtained the one compensation of growing old. He stood in special need of that restful sympathy which women know how to give, which good women will give when they feel that it is valued, but which men can neither give nor take away. Yet he learned by experience that even this rose is not thornless. In particular he found that the art of instructing and correcting women without affronting them is not easily acquired.

—Zachara is the name of a professional mourner seen recently in one of the islands off the shores of Greece. A young man had died, and Zachara made her appearance. The groans of his widow were hushed, the beating of the feet was stopped, the pause was one of half curiosity, half suspense. Zachara sang of the loneliness of the living, the horrors of death, and in that strange language of hyperbole she wondered how the sun could venture to shine on so lamentable a scene. The widow, the kinswomen, and the children were wild with grief. Nature at length re-asserted herself and demanded a pause. The company refreshed themselves with biscuits and figs. Then the professional mourning was continued, Zachara and one of her hired companions beating their breasts, lacerating their cheeks, and rending their garments, for almost two hours.



EDWARD L. HEDDEN, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 447.]



SILAS W. BURT, NAVAL OFFICER OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

THE new United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, is no stranger to public life. As long ago as 1867 he was United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York, showing great skill and resolution in dealing with the Fenian raiders into Canada, and in 1874 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket of which SAMUEL J. TILDEN was the head. Two years afterward he was re-elected to the same office. In 1882 he became a member of Congress from the Seventh Congressional District, but declined a renomination.

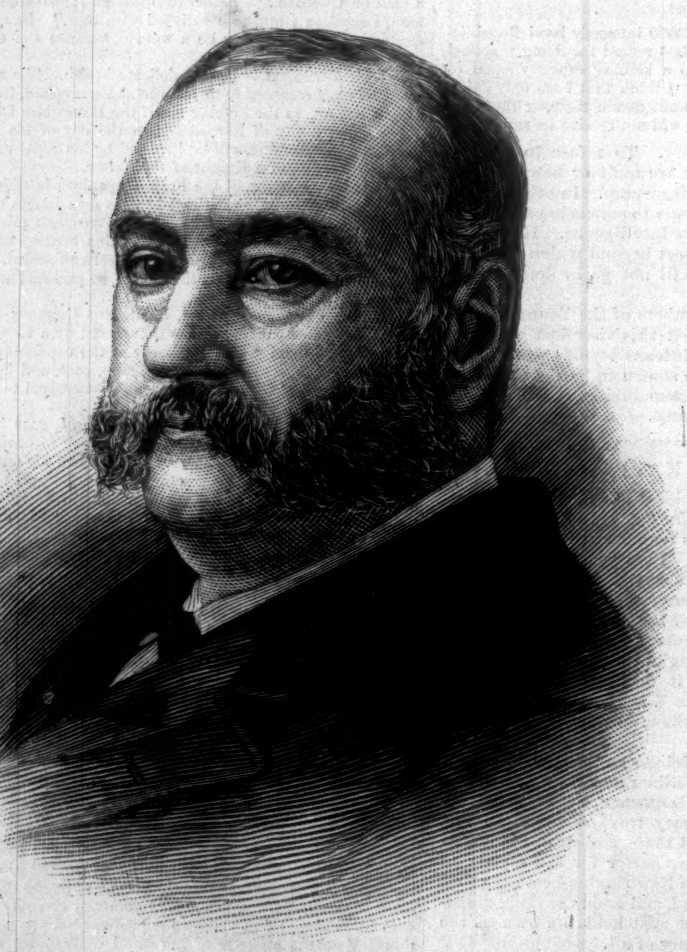
Mr. DORSHEIMER is fifty-three years old, of massive frame and commanding presence, a successful lawyer, and an influential member of political conventions. He understands men, and knows how to persuade; and his public addresses on special occasions display erudition and the art of oratory, never failing to exploit matters that indicate the college man as well as the trained thinker.

Mr. DORSHEIMER, as his name indicates, is of German descent. His father, PHILIP DORSHEIMER, was once Treasurer of the State of New York. He is a Harvard man, and has received an honorary degree from his *alma mater*. He is President of the Niagara Park Commission, and exerted his gifts with patriotic persistence to secure the success of their labors. During the civil war he warmly supported the administration; during the Presidential canvass of 1872 he worked hard for Mr. GREELEY; and during the TILDEN campaign and the late CLEVELAND campaign he was one of the foremost Democratic leaders and speakers.

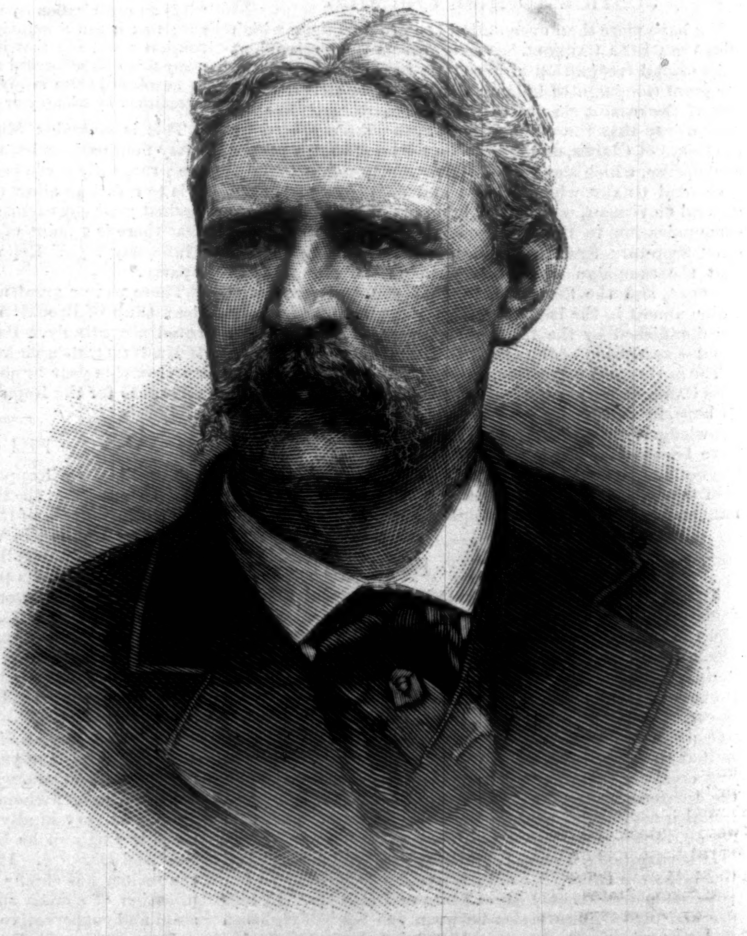
GENERAL MARTIN T. McMAHON.

UNITED STATES Marshal JOEL B. ERHARDT retires in favor of General MARTIN T. McMAHON, whom President CLEVELAND has appointed to succeed him. General McMAHON began his political career as a special agent of the Post-office during Mr. BUCHANAN's administration, and, when the war broke out, went to the Potomac at the head of the first cavalry company sent from the Pacific coast. He served successively as aide-de-camp to General McCLELLAN and as Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, doing gallant service in the field. General DIX made him Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the East.

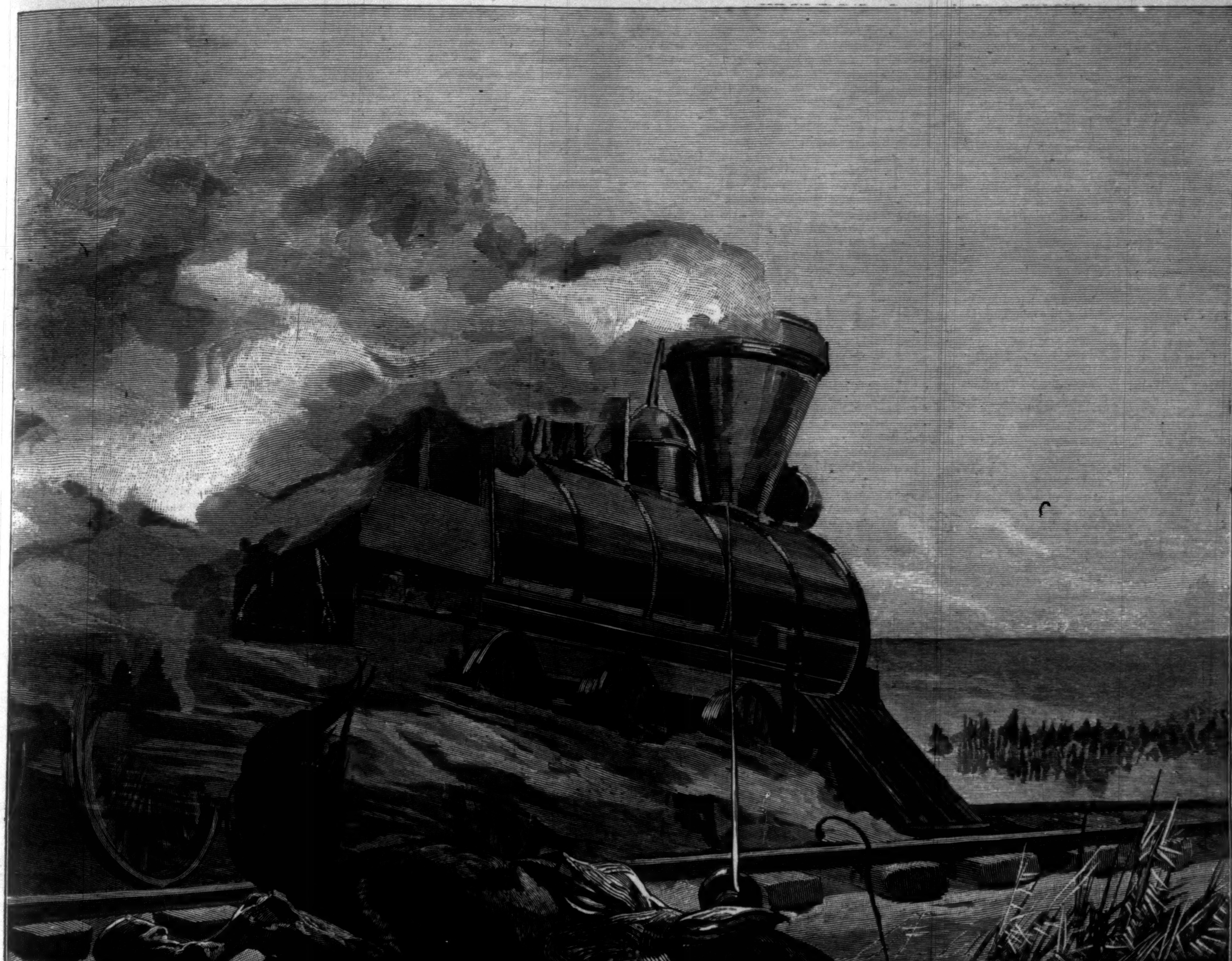
In civil life also General McMAHON has been conspicuous, first as Corporation Attorney of New York city, then as Minister to Paraguay, and since 1872 as Receiver of Taxes. He has a reputation for fidelity to party, and he has twice been removed from office by a Republican administration. Though a native of Canada, he is a son of Irish parents, and an Irish patriot himself, and his views have long been respected in the councils of his race. At the age of three weeks he was brought to Philadelphia; his collegiate studies were pursued at Fordham, New York; and he first became acquainted with President CLEVELAND while studying law in Buffalo. His age is forty-seven.



WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.



MARTIN T. McMAHON, UNITED STATES MARSHAL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LUDOVICI.



"THE NEXT MOMENT THE TRAIN HAD PASSED."

MARUJA.*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XI.

As Captain Carroll urged his horse along the miry road to La Mision Perdida, he was struck with certain changes in the landscape before him other than those wrought by the winter rains. There were the usual deep gullies and trenches, half filled with water, in the fields and along the road, but there were ominous embankments and ridges of freshly turned soil, and a scattered fringe of timbers following a cruel, undeviating furrow on the broad grazing lands of the Mision. But it was not until he had crossed the arroyo that he felt the full extent of the late improvements. A quick rumbling in the distance, a light flash of steam above the willow copse that drifted across the field on his right, and he knew that the railroad was already in operation. Captain Carroll reined in his frightened charger, and passed his hand across his brow with a dazed sense of loss. He had been gone only four months, yet he already felt strange and forgotten.

It was with a feeling of relief that he at last turned from the high-road into the lane. Here everything was unchanged, except that the ditches were more thickly strewn with the sodden leaves of fringing oaks and sycamores. Giving his horse to a servant in the court-yard, he did not enter the patio, but, crossing the lawn, stepped upon the long veranda. The rain was dripping from its eaves and striking a minute spray from the vines that clung to its columns; his footfall awoke a hollow echo as he passed, as if the outer shell of the house were deserted; the formal yews and hemlocks that in summer had relieved the dazzling glare of six months' sunshine had now taken gloomy possession of the garden, and the evening shadows, thickened by rain, seemed to lie in wait at every corner. The servant, who had with old-fashioned courtesy

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* Copyright, 1885, by Bret Harte.

placed the keys and the "disposition" of that wing of the house at his service, said that Doña Maria would wait upon him in the salon before dinner. Knowing the difficulty of breaking the usual rigid etiquette, and trusting to the happy intervention of Maruja—though here, again, custom debarred him from asking for her—he allowed the servant to remove his wet overcoat, and followed him to the stately and solemn chamber prepared for him. The silence and gloom of the great house, so grateful and impressive in the ardent summer, began to weigh upon him under this shadow of an overcast sky. He walked to the window and gazed out on the cloister-like veranda. A melancholy willow at an angle of the stables seemed to be wringing its hands in the rising wind. He turned for relief to the dim fire that flickered like a votive taper in the vault-like hearth, and drew a chair toward it. In spite of the impatience and preoccupation of a lover, he found himself again and again recurring to the story he had just heard, until the vengeful spirit of the murdered Doctor seemed to darken and possess the house. He was striving to shake off the feeling, when his attention was attracted to stealthy footsteps in the passage. Could it be Maruja? He rose to his feet with his eye upon the door. The footsteps ceased—it remained closed. But another door, which had escaped his attention in the darkened corner, slowly swung on its hinges, and with a stealthy step Pereo, the mayordomo, entered the room.

Courageous and self-possessed as Captain Carroll was by nature and education, this malevolent vision and incarnation of the thought uppermost in his mind turned him cold. He had half drawn a derringer from his breast, when his eye fell on the grizzled locks and wrinkled face of the old man, and his hand dropped to his side. But Pereo, with the quick observation of insanity, had noticed the weapon, and rubbed his hands together with a malicious laugh.

"Good! good! good!" he whispered, rapidly, in a strange bodyless voice; "'twill serve! 'twill serve! And you are a soldier too, and know how to use it! Good, it is a Providence!" He lifted his hollow eyes to heaven, and then added, "Come! come!"

Carroll stepped toward him. He was alone, and in the presence of an undoubted madman—one strong enough, in spite of his years, to inflict a deadly injury, and one who he now began to realize might have done so once before. Nevertheless, he laid his hand on the old man's arm, and looking him calmly in the eye, said, quietly: "Come? Where, Pereo? I have only just arrived."

"I know it," whispered the old man, nodding his head violently. "I was watching them when you rode up. That is why I lost the scent; but together we can track them still—we can track them. Eh, Captain, eh! Come! Come!" and he moved slowly backward, waving his hand toward the door.

"Track whom, Pereo?" said Carroll, soothingly. "Whom do you seek?"

"Whom?" said the old man, startled for a moment, and passing his hand over his wrinkled forehead. "Whom? Eh! Why, the Doña Maruja and the little black cat—her maid—Faquita."

"Yes; but why seek them? Why track them?"

"Why?" said the old man, with a sudden burst of impotent passion. "*You* ask me why? Because they are going to the rendezvous again. They are going to seek him. Do you understand? —to seek *him*—the Coyote!"

Carroll smiled a faint smile of relief. "So—the Coyote."

"Ay," said the old man, in a confidential whisper; "the Coyote. But not the *big* one—you understand—the little one. The big one is dead—dead—dead! But the little one lives yet. You shall do for *him* what I, Pereo—listen"—he glanced around the room furtively—"what I—the good old Pereo—did for the big one. Good, it is a Providence. Come!"

Of the terrible thoughts that crossed Carroll's mind at this unexpected climax one alone was uppermost. The trembling, irresponsible wretch before him meditated some vague crime, and Maruja was in danger. He did not allow himself to dwell upon any other suspicion suggested by that speech. He quickly conceived a plan of action. To have rung the bell and given Pereo into the hands of the servants would have only exposed to them the lunatic's secret—if he had any—and he might either escape in his fury or relapse into useless imbecility. To humor him and follow him, and trust afterward to his own quickness and courage to avert any calamity, seemed to be the only plan. Captain Carroll turned his clear glance on the restless eyes of Pereo, and said, without emotion:

"Let us go, then, and quickly. You shall track them for me. But remember, good Pereo, you must leave the rest to me."

In spite of himself, some accidental significance in this ostentatious adjuration to lull Pereo's suspicions struck him with pain. But the old man's eyes glittered with gratified passion as he said, "Ay, good! I will keep my word. Thou shalt work thy will on the little one as I have said: Truly it is a Providence. Come!" Seeing Captain Carroll glance round for his overcoat, he seized a poncho from the wall, wrapped it round him, and grasped his hand. Carroll, who would have evaded this semblance of disguise, had no time to parley, and they turned together through the door by which Pereo had entered into a long dark passage, which seemed to be made through the outer shell of the building that flanked the park. Following his guide in the profound obscurity, perfectly conscious that any change in his madness might be followed by a struggle in the dark, where no help could reach them, they presently came to a door that opened upon the fresh smell of rain and leaves. They were standing at the bottom of a secluded alley, between two high hedges that hid it from the end of the garden. Its grass-grown walk and untrimmed hedges showed that it was seldom used. Carroll, still keeping close to Pereo's side, felt him suddenly stop and tremble. "Look!" he said, pointing to a shadowy figure some distance before them—"look! 'tis Maruja, and alone!"

With a dexterous movement Carroll managed to slip his arm securely through the old man's, and even to throw himself before him, as if in his eagerness to discern the figure.

"'Tis Maruja—and alone!" said Pereo, trembling. "Alone! Eh! And the Coyote is not here!" He passed his hand over his staring eyes. "So!" Suddenly he turned upon Carroll. "Ah, do you not see?—it is a trick! The Coyote is escaping with Faquita! Come! Nay, thou wilt not? Then will I."

With an unexpected strength born of his madness he freed his arm from Carroll, and darted down the alley. The figure of Maruja, evidently alarmed at his approach, glided into the hedge as Pereo passed swiftly by, intent only on his one wild fancy. Without a further thought of his companion, or even the luckless Faquita, Carroll also plunged through the hedge to intercept Maruja. But by that time she was already crossing the upper end of the lawn, hurrying toward the entrance to the patio. Carroll did not hesitate to follow. Keeping in view the lithe, dark, active little figure, now hidden by an intervening cluster of bushes, now fading in the gathering evening shadows, he nevertheless did not succeed in gaining upon her until she had nearly reached the patio. Here he lost ground, as, turning to the right instead of entering the court-yard, she kept her way toward the stables. He was near enough, however, to speak.

"One moment, Miss Saltonstall," he said, hurriedly; "there is no danger. I am alone. But I must speak with you."

The young girl seemed only to redouble her exertions. At last she stopped before a narrow door hidden in the wall, and fumbled in her pocket for a key. That moment Carroll was upon her.

"Forgive me, Miss Saltonstall—Maruja; but you must hear me! You are safe, but I fear for your maid Faquita."

A little laugh followed his speech; the door yielded, and opened to her vanishing figure. For an instant the lace shawl muffling her face was lifted, as the door closed and locked behind her. Carroll drew back in consternation. It was the laughing eyes and saucy face of Faquita!

CHAPTER XII.

When Captain Carroll turned from the high-road into the lane, an hour before, Maruja and Faquita had already left the house by the same secret passage and garden door that opened afterward upon himself and Pereo. The young women had evidently changed dresses; Maruja was wearing the costume of her maid; Faquita was closely veiled and habited like her mistress; but it was characteristic that, while Faquita appeared awkward and overdressed in her borrowed plumes, Maruja's short saya and trim bodice, with the striped shawl that hid her fair head, looked infinitely more coquettish and bewitching than on its legitimate owner.

They passed hurriedly down the long alley, and at its further end turned at right angles to a small gate half hidden in the shrubbery. It opened upon a venerable vineyard, that dated back to the occupation of the padres, but was now given over to the chance cultivation of peons and domestics. Its long, broken rows of low vines, knotted and overgrown with age, reached to the thicketed hill-side of buckeye that marked the beginning of the cañada. Here Maruja parted from her maid, and muffling the shawl more closely round her head, hastily passed between the vine rows to a ruined adobe building near the hill-side. It was originally part of the refectory of the old Mision, but had been more recently used as a viñadero's cottage. As she neared it her steps grew slower, until, reaching its door, she hesitated, with her hand timidly on the latch. The next moment she opened it gently; it was closed quickly behind her, and with a little stifled cry she found herself in the arms of Henry Guest.

It was only for an instant; the pleading of her white hands disengaged from his neck, where at first they had found themselves, and uplifted before her face, touched him more than the petitioning eyes or the sweet voiceless mouth, whose breath even was forgotten. Letting her sink into the chair from which he had just risen, he drew back a step, with his hands clasped before him, and his dark, half-savage eyes bent earnestly upon her. Well might he have gazed. It was no longer the conscious beauty, proud and regnant, seated before him, but a timid, frightened girl, struggling with her first deep passion.

All that was wise and gentle that she had intended to say, all that her clear intellect and experience had taught her, died upon her lips with that kiss. And all that she could do of womanly dignity and high-bred decorum was to tuck her small feet piteously under her chair in the desperate attempt to lengthen her short skirt, and beg him not to look at her.

"I have had to change dresses with Faquita, because we were watched," she said, leaning forward in her chair and drawing the striped shawl around her shoulders. "I have had again to steal out of my mother's house and through the fields, as if I was a gypsy. If I only were a gypsy, Harry, and not—"

"And not the proudest heiress in the land," he interrupted, with something of his old bitterness. "True, I had forgot."

"But I never reminded *you* of it," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "I did not remind you of it on that day—in—in—in the conservatory, nor at the time you first spoke of—of—love to me—nor from the time I first consented to meet you here. It is *you*, Harry, who have spoken of the difference of our condition, *you* who have talked of my wealth, my family, my position—until I would gladly have changed places with Faquita as I have garments, if I had thought it would make you happier."

"Forgive me, darling!" he said, dropping on one knee before her and bending over the cold little hand he had taken, until his dark head almost rested in her lap. "Forgive me! You are too proud, Maruja, to admit, even to yourself, that you have given your heart where your hand and fortune could not follow. But others may not think so. I am proud too, and will not have it said that I have won you before I was worthy of you."

"You have no right to be more proud than I, sir," she said, rising to her feet, with a touch of her old supreme assertion. "No—don't, Harry—please, Harry—there!" Nevertheless, she succumbed; and when she went on, it was with her head resting on his shoulder. "It's this deceit and secrecy that is so shameful, Harry. I think I could bear everything with you, if it were all known—if you came to woo me like—like—the others. Even if they abused you—if they spoke of your doubtful origin—of your poverty—of your hardships! When they aspersed you, I could fight them; when they spoke of your having no father that you could claim, I could even lie for you, I think, Harry, and say that you had; if they spoke of your poverty, I would speak of my wealth; if they talked of your hardships, I should only be proud of your endurance—if I could only keep the tears from my eyes!"

They were there now. He kissed them away.

"But if they threatened you? If they drove me from the house?"

"I should fly with you," she said, hiding her head in his breast.

"What if I were to ask you to fly with me now?" he said, gloomily.

"Now?" she repeated, lifting her frightened eyes to his.

His face darkened with its old look of savage resentment. "Hear me, Maruja," he said, taking her hands tightly in his own. "When I forgot myself—when I was mad that day in the conservatory—the only expiation I could think of was to swear in my inmost soul that I would never take advantage of your forgiveness, that I would never tempt you to forget yourself, your friends, your family, for me, an unknown outcast. When I found you pitied me and listened to my love, I was too weak to forego the one ray of sunshine in my wretched life, and thinking that I had a prospect before me in an idea I promised to reveal to you later, I swore never to beguile you or myself in that hope by any act that might bring you to repent it, or myself to dishonor. But I taxed myself too much, Maruja. I have asked too much of you. You are right, darling; this secrecy, this deceit, is unworthy of us. Every hour of it—blest as it has been to me—every moment—sweet as it is—blackens the purity of our only defense, makes you false, and me a coward! It must end here—to-day! Maruja, darling, my precious one, God knows what may be the success of my plans. We have but one chance now: I must leave here to-day, never to return, or I must take you with me. Do not start, Maruja, but hear me out. Dare you risk all? Dare you fly with me now, to-night, to the old padre at the ruined Mission, and let him bind us in those bonds that none dare break? We can take Faquita with us—it is but a few miles—and we can return and throw ourselves at your mother's feet. She can only drive us forth together. Or we can fly from this cursed wealth, and all the misery it has entailed, forever."

She raised her head, and, with her two hands on his shoulders, gazed at him with her father's searching eyes, as if to read his very soul.

"Are you mad, Harry? Think what you propose. Is this not tempting me? Think again, dearest," she said, half convulsively seizing his arm when her grasp had slipped from his shoulder.

There was a momentary silence as she stood with her eyes fixed almost wildly on his set face. But a sudden shock against the bolted door and an inarticulate outcry startled them. With an instinctive movement Guest threw his arm round her.

"It's Pereo," she said, in a hurried whisper, but once more mistress of her strength and resolution. "He is seeking *you*. Fly at once. He is mad, Harry—a raving lunatic. He watched us the last time. He has tracked us here. He suspects you. You must not meet him. You can escape through the other door that opens upon the cañada. If you love me, fly!"

"And leave *you* exposed to his fury? Are you mad? No; fly yourself by the other door, lock it behind you, and alarm the servants. I will open this door to him, secure him here, and then begone. Do not fear for me. There is no danger; and if I mistake not," he added, with a strange significance, "he will hardly attack me."

"But he may have already alarmed the household. Hark!"

There was the noise of a struggle outside the door, and then the voice of Captain Carroll, calm and collected, rose clearly for an instant. "You are quite safe, Miss Saltonstall. I think I have him secure, but perhaps you had better not open the door until assistance comes."

They gazed at each other without a word. A grim challenge played on Guest's lips. Maruja lifted her little hands deliberately, and clasped them round his defiant neck.

"Listen, darling," she said, softly and quietly, as if only the security of silence and darkness encompassed them. "You asked me just now if I would fly with you, if I would marry you without the consent of my family, against the protest of my friends, and at once. I hesitated, Harry, for I was frightened and foolish. But I say to you now that I will marry you when and where you like, for I love you, Harry, and you alone."

"Then let us go at once," he said, passionately seizing her. "We can reach the road by the cañada before assistance comes—before we are discovered. Come!"

"And you will remember in the years to come, Harry," she said, still composedly, and with her arms still around his neck, "that I never loved any but you, that I never knew what love was before, and that since I have loved you I have never thought of any other. Will you not?"

"I will; and now—"

"And now," she said, with a superb gesture toward the barrier which separated them from Carroll, "*open the door.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

With a swift glance of admiration at Maruja, Guest flung open the door. The hastily summoned servants were already bearing away the madman, exhausted by his efforts. Captain Carroll alone remained there, erect and motionless, before the threshold.

At a sign from Maruja, he entered the room. In the flash of light made by the opening door he had been perfectly conscious of her companion, but not a motion of his eye or the movement of a muscle of his face betrayed it. The trained discipline of his youth stood him in good service, and for the moment left him master of the situation.

"I think no apology is needed for this intrusion," he said, with cool composure. "Pereo seemed intent on murdering somebody or something, and I followed him here. I suppose I might have got him away more quietly, but I was afraid you might have thoughtlessly opened the door." He stopped and added, "I see now how unfounded was the supposition."

It was a fatal addition. In the next instant, the Maruja who had been standing beside Guest, conscious-stricken and remorseful in the presence of the man she had deceived, and calmly awaiting her punishment, changed at this luckless exhibition of her own peculiar womanly weapons. The old Maruja, supreme, ready, undaunted, and passionless, returned to the fray.

"You were wrong, Captain," she said, sweetly; "fortunately, Mr. Guest—whom I see you have forgotten in your absence—was with me, and I think would have felt it his duty to have protected me. But I thank you all the same, and I think even Mr. Guest will not allow his envy of your good fortune in coming so gallantly to my rescue to prevent his appreciating its full value. I am only sorry that on your return to La Mision Perdida you should have fallen into the arms of a madman before extending your hands to your friends."

Their eyes met. She saw that he hated her—and felt relieved.

"It may not have been so entirely unfortunate," he said, with a coldness strongly in contrast with his gradually blazing eyes, "for I was charged with a message to you, in which this madman is supposed by some to play an important part."

"Is it a matter of business?" said Maruja, lightly, yet with a sudden instinctive premonition of coming evil in the relentless tones of his voice.

"It is business, Miss Saltonstall—purely and simply business," said Carroll, dryly, "under whatever *other* name it may have been since presented to you."

"Perhaps you have no objection to tell it before Mr. Guest," said Maruja, with an inspiration of audacity; "it sounds so mysterious that it must be interesting. Otherwise, Captain Carroll, who abhors business, would not have undertaken it with more than his usual enthusiasm."

"As the business *does* interest Mr. Guest, or Mr. West, or whatever name he may have decided upon since I had the pleasure of meeting him," said Carroll, for the first time striking fire from the eyes of his rival, "I see no reason why I should not, even at the risk of telling you what you already know. Briefly, then, Mr. Prince charged me to advise you and your mother to avoid litigation with this gentleman, and admit his claim, as the son of Dr. West, to his share of the property."

The utter consternation and bewilderment shown in the face of Maruja convinced Carroll of his fatal error. She *had* received the addresses of this man without knowing his real position! The wild theory that had seemed to justify his resentment—that she had sold herself to Guest to possess the property—now recoiled upon him in its utter baseness. She had loved Guest for himself alone; by this base revelation he had helped to throw her into his arms.

But he did not even yet know Maruja. Turning to Guest, with flashing eyes, she said, "Is it true—are you the son of Dr. West, and"—she hesitated—"kept out of your inheritance by *us?*"

"I *am* the son of Dr. West," he said, earnestly, "though I alone had the right to tell you that at the proper time and occasion. Believe me that I have given no one the right—least of all any tool of Prince—to *trade* upon it."

"Then," said Carroll, fiercely, forgetting everything in his anger, "perhaps you will disclaim before this young lady the charge made by your employer that Pereo was instigated to Dr. West's murder by her mother?"

Again he had overshot the mark. The horror and indignation depicted in Guest's face was too plainly visible to Maruja as well as himself to permit a doubt that the idea was as new as the accusation. Forgetting her bewilderment at these revelations, her wounded pride, a torturing doubt suggested by Guest's want of confidence in her—indeed, everything but the outraged feelings of her lover, she flew to his side. "Not a word," she said, proudly, lifting her little hand before his darkening face. "Do not insult me by replying to such an accusation in my presence. Captain Carroll," she continued, turning toward him, "I can not forget that you were introduced into my mother's house as an officer and a gentleman. When you return to it as such, and not as a *man of business*, you will be welcome. Until then, farewell."

She remained standing, erect and passionless, as Carroll, with a cold salutation, stepped back and disappeared in the darkness; and then she turned, and with tottering step and a little cry, fell upon Guest's breast. "Oh, Harry! Harry! why have you deceived me?"

"I thought it for the best, darling," he said, lifting her face to his. "You know now the prospect I spoke of—the hope that buoyed me up! I wanted to win you myself alone, without appealing to your sense of justice or even your sympathies! I did win you. God knows, if I had not, you would never have learned through me that a son of Dr. West had ever lived. But that was not enough. When I found that I could establish my right to my father's property, I wanted you to marry me before *you* knew it, so that it never could be said that you were influenced by anything but love for me. That was why I came here to-day. That was why I pressed you to fly with me!"

He ceased. She was fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat. "Harry," she said, softly, "did you think of the property when—when—you kissed me in the conservatory?"

"I thought of nothing but *you*," he answered, tenderly.

Suddenly she started from his embrace. "But Pereo!—Harry—tell me quick—no one—nobody can think that this poor demented old man could—that Dr. West was—that—it's all a trick—isn't it? Harry—speak!"

He was silent for a moment, and then said, gravely, "There were strange men at the fonda that night, and—my father was supposed to carry money with him. My own life was attempted at the Mision the same evening for the sake of some paltry gold pieces that I had imprudently shown. I was saved solely by the interference of one man. That man was Pereo, your mayordomo!"

She seized his hand and raised it joyfully to her lips. "Thank you for those words! And you will come to him with me at once; and he will recognize you; and we will laugh at those lies; won't we, Harry?"

He did not reply. Perhaps he was listening to a confused sound of voices rapidly approaching the cottage. Together they stepped out into the gathering night. A number of figures were coming toward them, among them Faquita, who ran a little ahead to meet her mistress.

"Oh, Doña Maruja, he has escaped!"

"Who? Not Pereo!"

"Truly. And on his horse. It was saddled and bridled in the stable all day. One knew it not. He was walking like a cat, when suddenly he parted the peons around him, like grain before a mad bull—and behold! he was on the pinto's back and away. And, alas! there is no horse that can keep up with the pinto. God grant he may not get in the way of the r-r-railroad! That, in his very madness, he will even despise."

"My own horse is in the thicket," whispered Guest, hurriedly, in Maruja's ear. "I have measured him with the pinto before now. Give me your blessing, and I will bring him back if he be alive."

She pressed his hand and said, "Go." Before the astonished servants could identify the strange escort of their mistress, he was gone.

It was already quite dark. To any but Guest, who had made the topography of La Mision Perdida a practical study, and who had known the habitual circuit of the mayordomo in his efforts to avoid him, the search would have been hopeless. But rightly conjecturing that he would in his demented condition follow the force of habit, he spurred his horse along the high-road until he reached the lane leading to the grassy amphitheatre already described, which was once his favorite resort. Since then it had participated in the terrible transformation already wrought in the valley by the railroad. A deep cutting through one of the grassy hills had been made for the line that now crossed the lower arc of the amphitheatre.

His conjecture was justified on entering it by the appearance of a shadowy horseman in full career round the circle, and he had no difficulty in recognizing Pereo. As there was no other exit than the one by which he came, the other being inaccessible by reason of the railroad track, he calmly watched him twice make the circuit of the arena, ready to ride toward him when he showed symptoms of slackening his speed. Suddenly he became aware of some strange exercise on the part of the mysterious rider, and as he swept by on the nearer side of the circle he saw that he was throwing a lasso. A horrible thought that he was witnessing an insane rehearsal of the murder of his father flashed across his mind.

A far-off whistle from the distant woods recalled him to his calmer senses at the same moment that it seemed also to check the evolutions of the furious rider. Guest felt confident that the wretched man could not escape him now. It was the approaching train, whose appearance would undoubtedly frighten Pereo toward the entrance of the little valley guarded by him. The hill-side was already alive with the clattering echoes of the on-coming monster, when, to his horror, he saw the madman advancing rapidly toward the cutting. He put spurs to his horse, and started in pursuit; but the train was already emerging from the narrow passage, followed by the furious rider, who had wheeled abreast of the engine, and was, for a moment or two, madly keeping up with it. Guest shouted to him, but his voice was lost in the roar of the rushing caravan. Something seemed to fly from Pereo's hand. The next moment the train had passed; rider and horse, crushed and battered out of all life, were rolling in the ditch, while the murderer's empty saddle dangled at the end of a lasso, caught on the smoke-stack of one of the murdered man's avenging improvements!

* * * * *

The marriage of Maruja and the son of the late Dr. West was received in the valley of San Antonio as one of the most admirably conceived and skillfully matured plans of that lamented genius. There were many who were ready to state that the Doctor had confided it to them years before; and it was generally accepted that the widow Saltonstall had been simply made a trustee for the benefit of the prospective young couple. Only one person, perhaps, did not entirely accept these views; it was Mr. James Prince—otherwise known as Aladdin. In later years he is said to have stated authoritatively "that the only combination in business that was uncertain was man and woman."

THE END.

A WARNING.

THEY met beside the sea-beat shore
 In dog-days apathetic:
He was a learned pedagogue,
 And she a maid poetic:
They met, they loved, within a fog,
The maiden and the pedagogue.

She doted on the picturesque,
 And he on natural history,
And while he mused above the shell
 Which made the clam a mystery,
She sweetly chanted poetry
On summer by the dark blue sea.

Or tinkling of her light guitar
 Upon the wavelets flowing,
He in pursuit of jelly fish
 And her came lightly rowing.
The moon blinked softly through the fog
Upon the maid and pedagogue.

They wedded ere they went to town;
 But oh, the sad confusion!
They found in clearer atmosphere
 Their love it was delusion;
That dreams and natural history
Would not by any means agree.

And now they lift a warning voice,
 Fraught with intense emotion,
To all the summer men and maids
 Who tarry by the ocean.
"Deceit," they cry, "is in a fog,"
The sad wife and the pedagogue.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

CEREAL FOODS.

II.—MILLING.

How are the virtues of wheat unlocked?

First, by the miller; second, by the baker. In both processes more change and improvement have taken place within the last twenty years than during the whole previous history of civilized man as a bread-eating animal. It is of these changes and improvements, especially under the first-named head, that I will speak.

Does my reader suppose that mills and millers, in the old significance of these words, still exist? They are not, indeed, quite extinct, and yet both in the Old World and the New the historic "sound of the grinding is low." Probably not more than one bushel of wheat in six is now ground between millstones; a new invention has displaced them in the larger mills. Was Jeremiah's prophecy meant, after all, for us, when he said, "I will take from them the voice of gladness and the sound of the millstones"? For the greater part of the millstones are gone, and what has replaced them?

Before answering this question let us glance at the growth and development of the beautiful milling processes now in use.

A hundred years ago the miller cleaned his wheat in a rude machine "consisting of a couple of wire cylinders, or screens, and an air blast," and ground it between "a pair of millstones running very *low*—that is, close together—in order that the greatest amount of flour might be produced at one grinding. The resultant product was then sifted; the superfine flour was thus separated, and the *tailings* reground" (Neftel). This process of "low milling," though much improved in its details by foreign inventors, and by Oliver Evans in our own country, remained in use as late as the year 1870 in this country, its principle being the original one of getting as much flour as possible by one grinding.

"High milling" is a modern though not a recent invention. Its pioneer was Ignaz Paur, an Austrian. The difference between high and low milling (as Professor Horsford tells us in his valuable report on Vienna bread) is that "in high milling the wheat is reduced by a succession of crackings, or of slight and partial crushings, alternating with sifting and sorting the product, while in low milling the reduction is effected by a single crushing."

What are the advantages of these complicated processes? Can it be possible, economically speaking, to submit each individual grain of our enormous wheat crop to repeated and delicate processes of cleaning, peeling, cracking, and comminution, with many intervening siftings? Of course we all know how many grains of wheat there were in the crop of 1879, but I will repeat the figures; it was 300 trillions—of course in very round numbers.

We may be sure that there are great advantages in this elaborate milling, and that it follows a demand on the part of the consumer, whose demand is naturally for more varied products and for cheaper prices. One more thing he generally insists upon, which is not good for him; he demands the *whitest* possible bread, made of flour that has been rifled of much of its gluten, and is mainly starch. We shall see why such bread is not the best.

The process of high milling demands, first of all, that the wheat should be freed from foreign substances and thoroughly cleaned. The outer coats of bran, silex, hair, etc., come off readily enough by rubbing; this is done by passing the grain between brushes. But the brushes can not penetrate the crease of the wheat grain, which incloses a certain amount of quite inaccessible bluish dirt. How can this be removed? By passing the grain between corrugated chilled-iron rollers, which merely crack it lengthwise along the crease, thus liberating the bluish or brownish matter which is locked up in the bottom of the crease. This removed, nothing is left but the nutritive grain.

The subsequent processes of milling, as described by a German writer, are substantially as follows:

If we press grains of wheat gently between millstones which are at first one-twelfth of an inch apart, then one-quarter less, then one-half less, and so on, a successively finer and finer product is obtained. The first operation we will call clipping or pointing; by this a part of the shell or outside coat is removed, with the *brush*, and part of the germ. From these the hulled kernels are separated by passing them through a cylindrical sieve; then passing the hulled kernels between the stones brought nearer together, they yield (1) a cracked wheat, (2) groats or fragments with bran attached, (3) grits or smaller fragments, and (4) finer particles of flour. All of these are again separated by sifting, and the groats are reground; then another sifting, another grinding, and so on. The grits are treated in the same way, and thus the differentiation is carried out immensely farther than we can follow it, for it is like the branching of a family tree. The grain is submitted to six or more "runs" or grindings, and the resulting products are very various; it would require a full-page diagram or table to show them completely. The product which most attracts the consumer is an extremely fine and white flour, called "extract flour"; it is from this that the original Vienna bread is made. Farina is another part of the grits, finely purified. "Middlings" and "pollards flour" are other products of these most complicated processes.

High milling is thus the second chapter in this history; and we now come to the third and latest, the passing away of the millstone. This is the result of a Hungarian invention which substitutes rollers and a crushing process for the millstone. The wheat being thoroughly freed from admixtures, is split along the crease as just described; this is called the "first break," and it must not be carried further than is sufficient to loosen the seam impurities and the germ, for this process disengages a certain amount of flour, which must necessarily be of low grade because mixed with these impurities. The "second break" rids the grain of all impurities; the sifting is repeated; and on the "third break," with rollers still more finely set, we begin to get "middlings." The scalping reel, or bolter, separates the finer flour from these; the bran and coarse middlings undergo a "fourth break"; and in like manner a fifth and a sixth break follow, giving us the extremely fine white flours that are preferred by most consumers. Flour thus prepared is of more uniform quality than that which has come through the millstones, and it has suffered less from the heat produced by friction. But it is time to insist on the fact that these highly refined flours have lost much of their gluten.

The roller process is now used in the enormous Western mills, the largest in the world. It has apparently come to stay in the case of all milling on a large scale; while in small places and in mountain villages the millstones will remain.

The rollers have also displaced a curious process of conversion known as the "cold-blast process." This consisted in charging an immense air-gun, or cylinder, with several bushels at a time of wheat from which the outer inert coatings of bran and other impurities had been removed, and then firing the charge, by air-pressure, at a high velocity against a corrugated iron plate. This crushed the grain and produced an excellent whole-wheat flour, to which the name "cold-blast flour" is still given, though the flour itself is now produced by the other processes.

In another paper we will consider the virtues of the different breads that modern scientific milling has given us to choose among.

TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.

STANLEY.*

HENRY M. STANLEY has not only surpassed all other African travellers in the extent of his journeys, but he is the one great African explorer whose discoveries have been of practical value both to Africa and the civilized world.

Stanley is the only white traveller who has twice reached Lake Tanganyika and returned to Europe. He has circumnavigated both Tanganyika and the Victoria Lake. He has reached the shore of the Muta Nzige, which he regards as a lake distinct from the Albert Lake, for the reason that it lies further south than the limit given to the latter by Mason, who circumnavigated it with Gessi; but as Mason's observations were made without an artificial horizon, on a lake surrounded with high hills, they are not to be trusted, and Sir Samuel Baker is probably right in believing that Stanley's Muta Nzige is the southern part of the Albert Lake. Stanley has also discovered a new lake—the Alexandra—belonging to the Nile Basin, and Lake Leopold II., belonging to the Congo Basin. His great journey down the Congo from Nyangwe, where Cameron turned aside from the great river, to the Atlantic coast surpassed in length, danger, and geographical importance both Speke and Grant's march from Zanzibar to Gondokoro, and Cameron's march from Nyangwe to the sea. Neither fever, mutiny, famine, nor hordes of hostile savages could turn back this indomitable man. African exploration has a long roll of heroes, but Stanley easily leads them all.

The discoveries of other African travellers have been of great interest to geographers, but of little benefit to the rest of the world. Barth proved by his famous journey that Caillé, the much doubted Frenchman, had really visited Timbuctoo; Livingstone gave to the map of Africa the Victoria Falls and the lake system of the Upper Congo; Burton and Speke found in Lake Tanganyika the mysterious inland sea of which vague rumors had so long piqued the curiosity of map-makers. Speke and Grant and Baker solved the problem of the source of the Nile; Schweinfurth found the pigmy nation and the fierce Nyam-Nyam cannibals, from one of whose peculiar customs probably originated the myth of a tribe of Africans with tails; and Cameron was the first man to cross the heart of the "unexplored region" that once occupied so large a part of the map of Central Africa. But by all these discoveries commerce gained nothing, and except so far as they opened the way for an occasional missionary, they brought no benefit to the Africans. The discoveries of Speke and Baker did, indeed, lead to the annexation of the White Nile region to Egypt, and to the temporary suppression of the slave trade of the Nile, but with the death of Gordon the White Nile has become closed to civilization, and the poor negroes can not be said to have gained much by the Egyptian conquest.

In Stanley's new book, *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*, the great explorer wins our admiration, not merely by his splendid courage and his magnificent geographical discoveries, but as the founder of what is destined to be a vast empire in the heart of Africa, built up, not by selfish and brutal conquest, but by commerce and the arts of peace. He has repaid the savages who had fought and harassed and starved him on his way across the continent with the priceless gifts of order and civilization. To his fame as an explorer he has added the nobler fame of a founder of an empire, and a redeemer of a continent sunk in barbarism.

On his return to Europe after his first journey down the Congo, Stanley pointed out that the great river was nature's highway to the interior of Equatorial Africa, and that it could without much difficulty be opened to commerce. King Leopold of Belgium, who was already interested in African exploration, invited Stanley to Brussels, where he discussed the future of the Congo Basin with a number of Europeans of various nationalities, who shared the King's enlightened views of the importance of turning Stanley's discoveries to practical account. It was decided to send an expedition to the Congo, under the command of Stanley, for the purpose of planting trading stations on the river, and connecting them by means of roads around the cataracts and steamers on the navigable parts of the river. The subscribers to the fund necessary for this purpose formed themselves into a society called the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," which somewhat later became the African International Association.

On the 14th of August, 1879, Stanley reached the mouth of the Congo at the head of a well-equipped expedition. He had previously gone himself to Zanzibar, and enlisted and brought with him a force of Zanzibar negroes, including several of those who had accompanied him on his former journeys. The Comité had provided him with European officers—chiefly Belgians—and with five small steamboats. With this force, and with a number of Kroomen, he undertook his great work.

Steaming up the river 110 miles to the foot of the Yellala cataracts, Stanley there founded his first station at Vivi. A road was made around the cataracts 50 miles long, over which the steamers were dragged on carts by hand. From Isangila, the station at the upper end of this road, the river is navigable for 88 miles to Mayanga. From that point to Stanley Pool another road 85 miles long was made around the Livingstone cataracts, and steamers were again dragged overland. At Stanley Pool, Leopoldville, the most important station of the International Association, was built, and above Stanley Pool the river for a distance of 1068 miles was dotted with stations, communication between which was kept up by the steamers. In the prosecution of this great work Stanley had to contend with formidable natural obstacles in the way of road-building and the transportation by land of steamers and supplies, with the hostility of the natives and the incapacity of many of his subordinates, and with the deadly African fever. It was a work which required dauntless courage, tireless energy, and infinite patience and tact, and Stanley succeeded in accomplishing on the Congo, without fighting, far more than either Baker or Gordon accomplished on the Nile with the unlimited use of money and the rifles of Egyptian soldiers.

There are now accessible by steamers nearly 6000 miles of uninterrupted navigable water in the densely populated basin of the Congo. From 2900 miles of sea-coast of West Africa there was exported to Europe, in 1884, about $85,000,000 worth of African products. The Congo Basin is far richer than the west coast, and the 43,000,000 of natives that are estimated to inhabit it are eager to trade. Stanley estimates that fully £250,000,000 worth of produce will be exported from the Congo Basin within a year after it is rendered easily accessible. To this end Stanley urges the construction of two short railway lines; one, of 52 miles in length, around the Yellala Cataract, and the other, of 95 miles in length, around the Livingstone Cataracts; or else of one continuous line of railway, 235 miles long, direct

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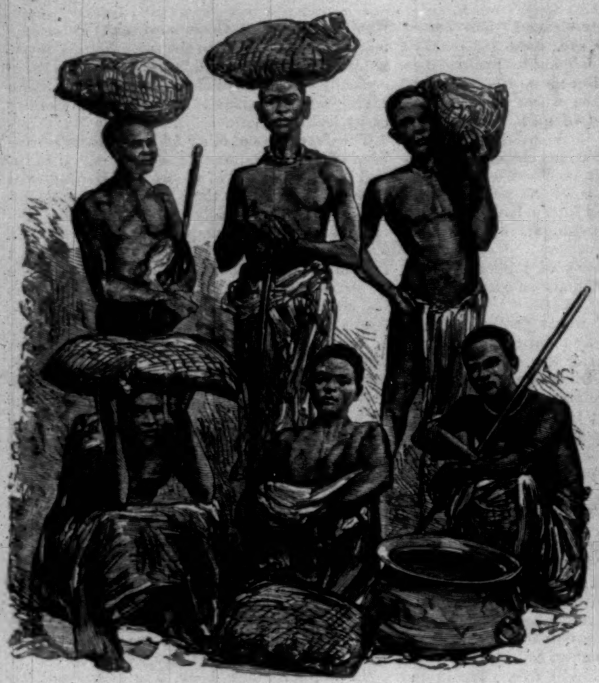
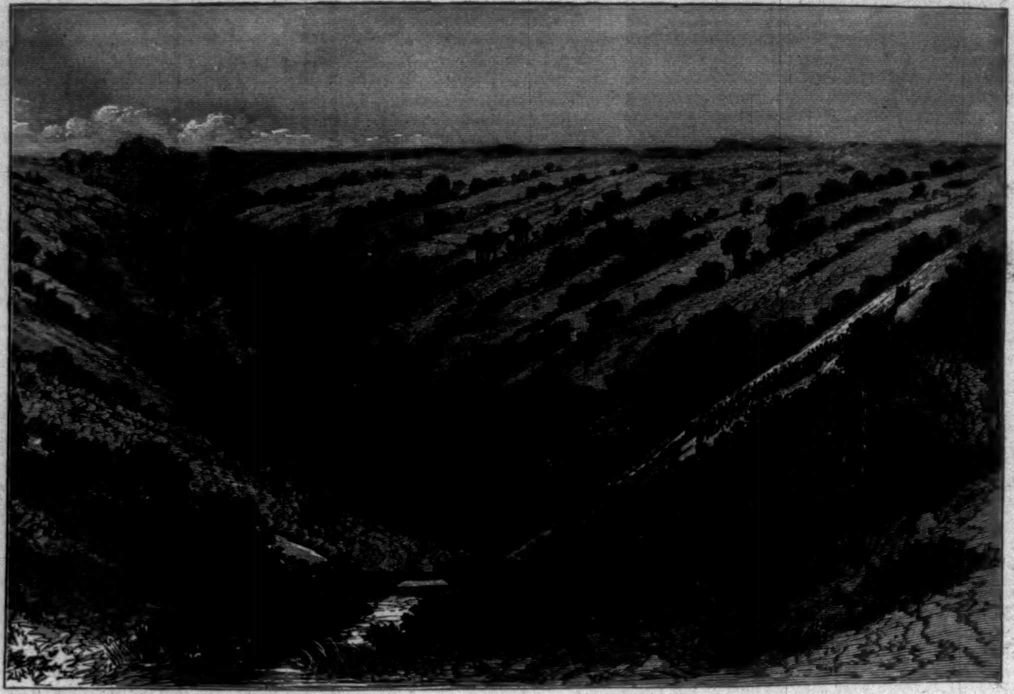
* *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State.* A Story of Work and Exploration. By HENRY M. STANLEY. With over one hundred full-page and smaller Illustrations, two large Maps, and several smaller ones. In two Volumes. Price, $10. New York: Harper & Brothers.

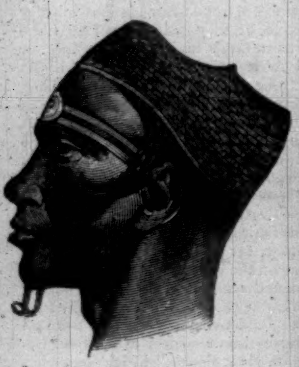


CARAVAN GROUP.



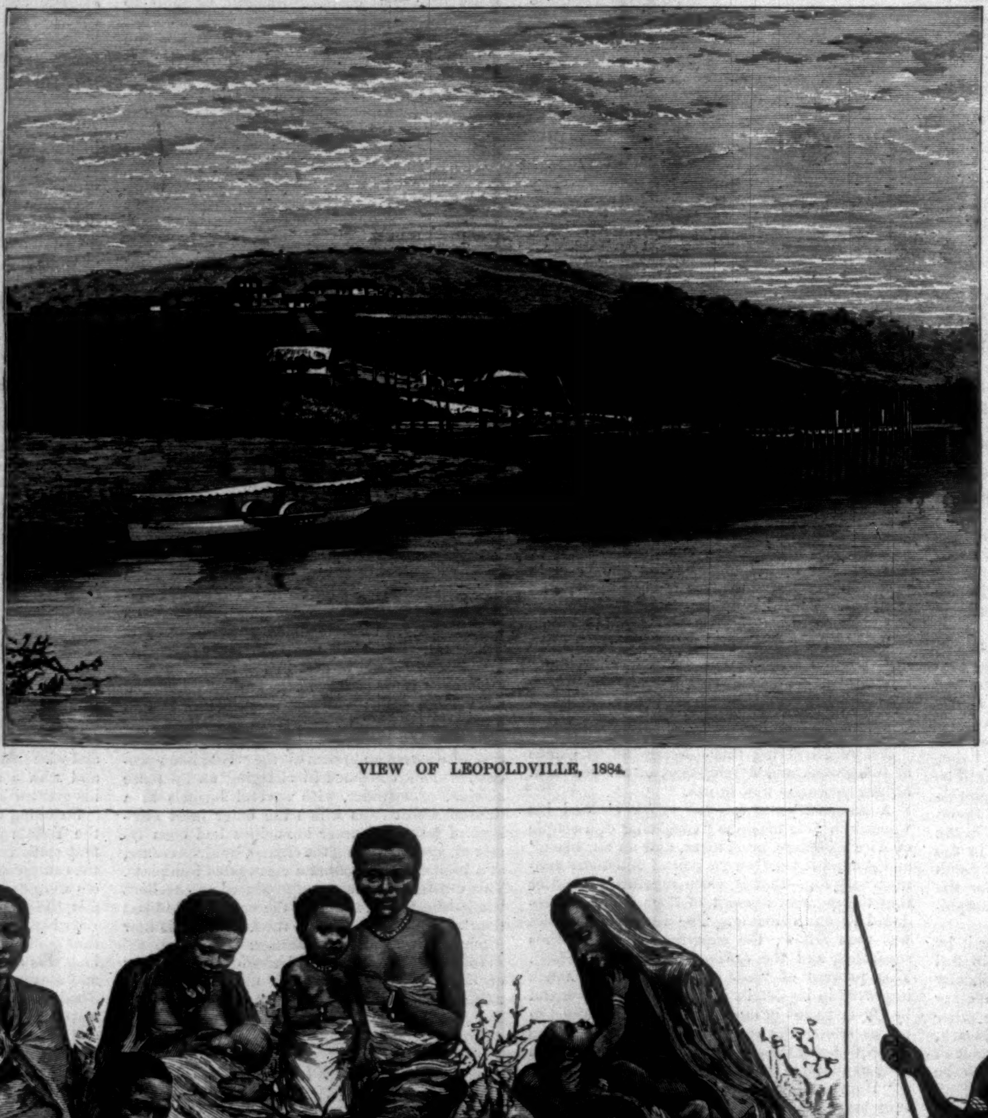
DRAGGING THE BOAT THROUGH THE MPAGASSA GORGE.

from Vivi to Stanley Pool. The latter project would, if carried out, cost $4,900,000, but it would return an immediate profit; $250,000 annually are now paid for porterage around the cataracts between the coast and Stanley Pool. This alone would pay a handsome dividend to the railway, but it would be but a small part of its constantly increasing revenue. That the railway will be built there can be no doubt, but even without it the development of the Congo region will go steadily forward.



BY-YANZI.

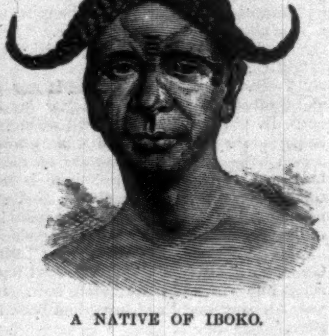
Europe has not been slow to perceive the importance of the opening of the Congo. It was seen that Stanley had founded an empire, and that this empire must not be made the prey of conflicting European nationalities. The result of the Berlin Conference has been the creation and political recognition of the Congo Free State, with its own government and its own flag; and the United States was one of the first to recognize the new state as one of the family of nations.



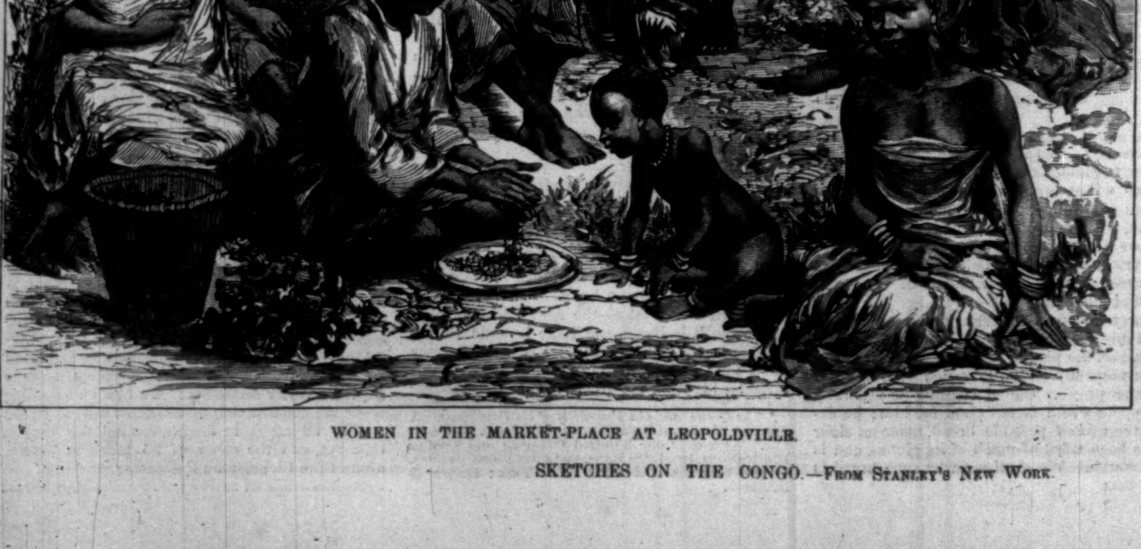
VIEW OF LEOPOLDVILLE, 1884.

The future of the Congo state is the future of Africa. The various coast colonies and petty states that Europeans have founded in Africa have had no appreciable influence upon the vast stretch of country south of the Sahara and back of the coast range. The Congo Free State is the first conquest that civilization has won in the heart of Africa, and it seems destined to work the redemption of the Dark Continent. The world can never forget that the Congo Free State is the work of Henry M. Stanley.

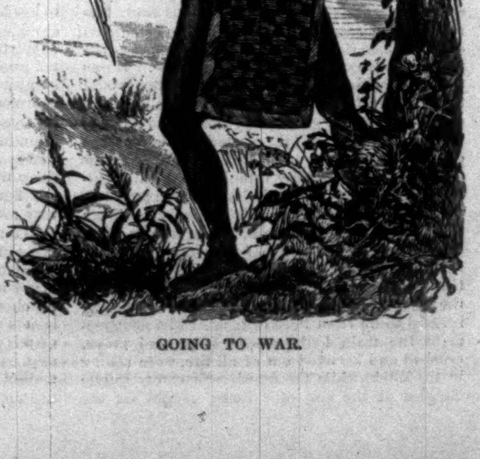
W. L. Alden.



A NATIVE OF IBOKO.

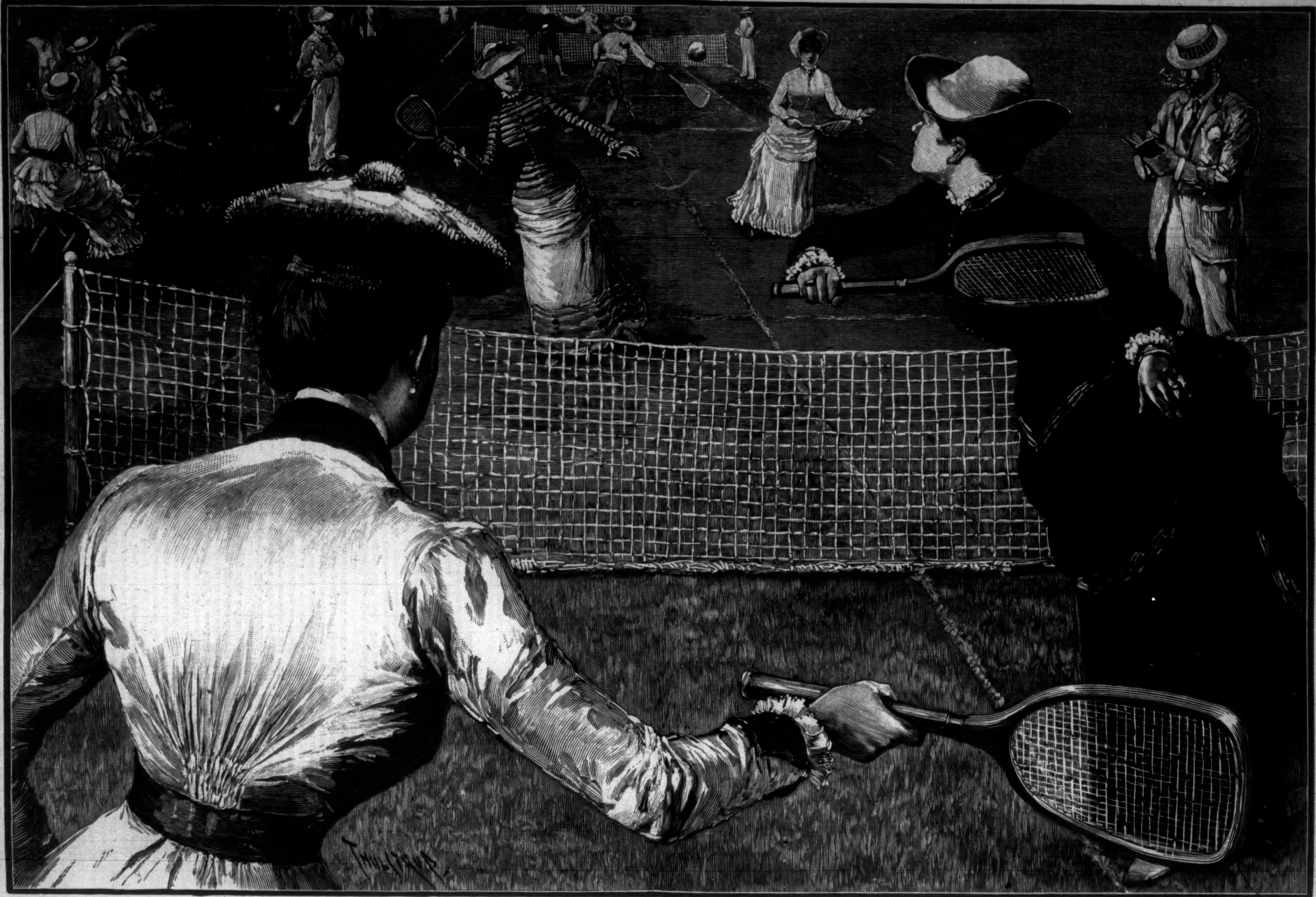


WOMEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT LEOPOLDVILLE.



GOING TO WAR.

SKETCHES ON THE CONGO.—From Stanley's New Work.



LAWN TENNIS IN PROSPECT PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 447.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

The night is dark.

There should be a moon, but the clouds have shrouded it over, and the night is so dark even upon the open plain of the wide salt-marshes that an unaccustomed eye could scarcely tell the miry track of the road from the brown waste of weather-beaten, spray-sodden marsh-land that lies—a mournful stretch of watery level—from the foot of the town upon the hill away and away to where the gray beach makes a paltry rampart against the wash of the waves what time the tides crawl high and suck far into the land that was once their right.

So dark is it that the white stones placed at intervals along the road to show wayfarers the path scarcely tell as more than dim specks a foot ahead through the white blinding mist that rises in thick masses and sheets from off the flooded meadows.

To those who miss the road, the crossing of the marsh this winter's night is no easy matter. The dikes that intersect it are many and deep, the planks across them few and narrow, and the slush of the sodden turf is such that the chances are, no one but the most experienced of the shepherds whose home is on the "level" would know the difference between land and stream, for the mist is treacherous, and the wind off the sea blows cold and dank, chilling the very senses with its bitter sea-brine. But in spite of it all, in spite of the deathly dark, and the deathly cold, and the deathly solitude, there stands a woman upon it this night—alone upon the lonely land.

She has crossed the marsh—she knows it well; she has lived upon it all her life—and she is of those who are not afraid; she has crossed the whole length of it, and stands now upon the rude shore, where the wild fierce waves break roaring and foaming upon the beach, flinging the shingle into her face and covering her with spray as they dash themselves against the stone wall of the stout old tower, and shoot the arrows of their glistening foam off its stalwart sides even to its very summit.

She stands and gazes upon the cruel sea—gazes upon it as though it were an old friend. To her the roar of the waves might be as sweet music, the sighing of the wind across the fens as some well-remembered tones of a far-off love, for her face—as the struggling ray of the wet and pallid moon faintly shadows it forth for a moment—her face is the face of joy. Yes—wan and haggard as it is, with eyes so large and bright and deep that they are like beacons in the night, and features so sharpened by some great and hidden woe as to be like ghosts of a former perfection, still it is the face of joy. A smile, a tender and loving smile, wreathes itself about the passionate lips; and beneath the strange and terrible brightness that is in them the eyes seem almost to tell of peace—of a peace hardly bought, but in sight at last—of a peace beyond and in spite of the great restless, pitiless billows, where surely no peace is.

What is it that this fair, wan woman, standing as a spirit of the marsh upon the strand that it has wrenched from the ocean's grasp—what is it that she has to say to the sea to-night? A great deal it must be, for she stands there a long time, beneath the drenching rain and before the blinding mist that lies on the level behind her, looking out across the surging, weary waste of sad water, and listening to the voice of the wind and the storm. What is it that she hears there?

"Hush! not yet! not yet! The time is not come," the waves seem to say, and rush back to the ocean's bosom, sucking shingle and sea-weed with them, while the helpless, hopeless woman is left there alone on the beach. Not yet? Not enough anguish, enough suffering, enough patience yet? And still the waves repeat monotonously their merciless refrain, Hush! hush! when there is no hush possible.

For their crests tower to the lowering sky, and the noise of their great strength spreads far into the night, and there is no peace and no silence but the silence of despair in the face of their terrible and inexorable might.

The woman seems to feel it at last; the hopelessness of human insignificance before this speechless immensity. She throws her head back with a sudden impetuous movement, and stretches out her arms toward the night. The shawl that had been wrapped about her head falls back, a great coil of heavy hair rolls slowly down upon the long and slender throat, the strange, brilliant eyes glow with a terrible brightness. Her lips move, all the sweet has turned to bitter within her, to a bitter as stinging as the salt sea-brine that has washed her face over with its spray. She wrings her hands pitifully, and flings them over her head, and there breaks from her heaving bosom the deep and terrible moan of a baffled creature at bay.

It mingles sadly with the sighing of the wind, but the sea still sounds above everything, and leaves no room for a human cry.

No room?

And yet the cry takes wing nevertheless, and the woman knows the voice that answers. Yes, though her sense is dead to all human tones, she knows the voice of the cruel, faithful friend at whose side she has lived away all the years of her life. She knows that he will not always play her false; that though he bids her wait still, the time is near when he will do her good and perfect service.

But the moan rings out piteously to the night, nevertheless, as the woman turns back again to the marsh, and is lost in the black darkness and in the white mists that hover over the flatness of land stretching for miles along the level of the sea-shore.

CHAPTER II.

But the marsh-land is not always wont to be so weary a waste of watery monotony. The sun shines upon it in the warm months when the days are long, and then the plain is mellow with a hundred divers tints—green with pasture-land and tufts of spare trees and tall reeds that stand thick in the dikes, brown with the flowering rushes and the great teasels that are its special production, blue with the bean and turnip fields, golden with the uncut corn. The salt sea-breezes and the strong August suns bleach its placid stretches to a pale amber-color, beyond which the golden line of the distant beach tells clear against the blue sea far away. The scene is a scene of peace then. Cattle stud the meadows over, browsing lazily upon the short turf; sheep and cows and horses, and wild-looking young bullocks too, in the lonelier fields of the marsh. From the town on the hill the eye can range over a vast expanse of this calm, sweet, lonely land; across stretches of flat fields, intersected with dikes and cleft by long white roads leading to other towns that climbed the hills with red-roofed houses, and send their shipping down to the sea upon the bosom of muddy streams dependent on wind and tide; over more flat fields and browner marshes to the sea strand, where the martello towers stand sentinels at regular distances, and away and away on either side, in billows of turf and marsh-land, where here and there great gray cliffs lie strangely cast, with stunted, wind-swept trees upon their crest, remembering the days when the sea lapped about their base and dashed its salt spray up against their level sides.

And hereabouts the reeds grows thicker and taller and browner than ever on the marsh, and on the banks and in the depths of the broadest of the dikes, that cleaves the level land in two for miles with its long straight line, the bulrushes and the teasels grow to man's height, and thick enough to harbor whole broods of wild-ducks and lapwings in their rustling masses.

But there—where the water of the dike meets the overflow of the waves that at high tides and stormy seasons wash over the embankment which their own strength has raised against themselves—there no green marsh plants grow upon the border of the water. Swelled by the leavings of the ocean, it has borrowed something of the sea's character; it has grown into a canal wide enough for boats to float on, but it is sad with a tender monotony bred of the sea's immediate presence, and the flowers that adorn its sides are the gray-leaved plants that thrive only in the arid sandy soil and beneath the salt spray. The canal flows for half a mile or so, sunk between high sand banks, and spanned here and there by a slender bridge of planks, thrown roughly across to help dwellers on the land side to the sea-shore; then it stops in a deep cove where the land that has swelled up gradually from the marsh behind grows into a great overhanging cliff, sweeping down to the water's edge—the first of a long line of white ramparts that girdle the ocean from hence as far as the eye can reach. The cliffs, once more uprearing themselves against the waves, have set a limit to all the sweet, mournful stretch of marsh-land that for miles has lain calmly courting the sea and its strength. The soft treacherous sand, the shelving banks that held the dike in their uncertain grasp, have all been swallowed up in a rocky beach covered by the high tide, and where none but the sure and fearless foot that could scale the rope-ladder, hung up the great cliff's face, would dare skirt the base of the crags when the water is up.

Behind those soft ridges that lie between the marsh and the sea, where the land dike first merges into the salt-water canal, almost within shadow of the cliff's end—there, in the dip of the shore, white and clean and solitary, alone with the sound of the sea, and the scent of the faint sea flowers, and the sigh of the wind across the flats, and the roar of the waves when they dash against the cliff beyond—stand the cottages of the coast-guards set to watch the safety of the shore.

They lie low in a line behind the shelving bank, with fronts set to the land, where a steep hill rises to the little hamlet above, and with trim but barren little gardens beside them, and neatly paved thresholds testifying to the order within. There are five or six of them, but they are not all inhabited. There has been a reduction in the staff of late, and it is all the lonelier for those who are left. For though the village lies but a mile or so away, and the tap at the "Three Ravens" is good, it is not often that a superior officer will allow his mates to step up yonder for a change.

But the chief in the year of which I write was a new chief, and though he was as true and gallant a fellow as ever stepped, he was young himself, and loved a bit of talk and company now and then, and was the more lenient to those who loved it too. For a wonder, the new coast-guard was not a married man—at least he was not when first he came to the station. Very soon after he came it began to be rumored that there was a reason why Paul Crew was so fond of stepping up to the village. It was rumored that a young girl up at Firth—a girl scarcely fledged to womanhood yet—had entrapped the heart of the brave sailor, and marked it for her own.

Some said that she was not the best wife that a man so devoted and good as Crew could have chosen—that, child as she was, her heart was not quite free.

But others, again, laughed at the notion that Phœbe Mallett could have thought seriously of anything—she who was as careless of control and as mad with spirits and fun as a cricket in the summer-time. It was but a frolic, they said, and if the lad had stolen a kiss beneath the summer moon, what of that? It was but what boys will do, and the maid was but a child, and he had left Rockhead this six months past, and was away across the seas, and would never be heard of again. Widow Mallett had questioned the girl when first the whisper that was running round had come to her ears, but Phœbe had only laughed her merriest laugh at the notion of there being anything between Jack Foster and her, and, to be sure, he had left without a sign or a word of farewell, and had been gone since last autumn, and all through the long lonely winter months the smile had never faded on Phœbe's face nor the jest upon her lips; so how could there have been love in her heart?

The widow thought no more of the matter. She had many mouths to feed and many wants to supply, and she was not going to trouble her head about such nonsense. And it did not occur to her that even though the child-heart knew nothing yet of love, the sting of wounded pride might have been planted in the wakening woman's breast, to bring forth bitter fruits of sorrow beneath the merry smile and the glance of the sparkling eye.

The girl was wont to hide her thoughts. She was no hot-house plant, nurtured and watched and tended. Ever since her father had died, when she was a little thing, she had brought herself up pretty much as she could, the eldest of five others, and had worked when she had had to work, and had played when she had got a chance. And now she was strong and brave as a girl *is* strong, bred under the strong salt breezes of the sea-shore.

Whatever the thought was that she had had about Jack Foster, she hid it well. The matter soon dropped out of mind, for, in truth, Phœbe was but a child. Such a child that, when Paul Crew began to come up so often to the village and to loiter about the door of the inn when the widow's pretty daughter went by on her errands, nobody for a moment suspected the real cause of his coming, nor thought that even such bonnie beauty as that could be capable of ensnaring such a very lofty heart in village eyes as that of the new chief at the coast station.

CHAPTER III.

A hot August evening was drawing to its close. The sun had dropped down to the edge of the sky, and its red after-glow lay golden and mellow behind the dark trees on the crest of the hill above the marsh. Little light mists were beginning to rise faintly before the sea—not as they rise in the winter, thick and heavy and dank, but mere delicate vapors, scarcely present to the sense, excepting by the slight chill of their soft touch.

Phœbe Mallett was quite unconscious that the sun had gone down, or that the air had grown any cooler than before. Save that no shawl wrapped her head and shoulders around, she wore the same dress that she always wore, summer and winter alike—a straight dress made of some soft dark stuff, that left her lithe young body free to move, as she was moving now, with a long swinging gait, climbing and vaulting the stiles and the tall gates without a thought. She had been to the town yonder to make purchases, and was walking home by the dikes, happy and proud in the possession of a good length of cheap material sufficient for a smart new gown.

Coming by this road she was obliged to pass the coast-guard, and to climb the hill to the village opposite to it.

As she jumped the last gate she saw that Paul Crew was standing at the threshold of his home smoking his evening pipe. She stopped and looked, shading her eyes with her hand from the last slanting rays of the setting sun. Something told her that there was to be meaning beyond the common in this meeting to-night. She began to think whether there was any way of getting home without passing the station, but she remembered that there was none without crossing the dike; and though Phœbe was a brave jumper, she was not sure of so wide a leap without fear of a ducking—and a ducking in black murky water—and that would never do with folks looking on.

So she came on slowly, dropping the parcel to her side and bending her eyes on the ground, though she knew very well that Paul Crew had left the cottage at her approach, and was walking toward her across the meadow.

When he was within a few steps of her she lifted her great brown eyes—Phœbe had the largest and the brownest and the deepest eyes in all the county, some folks said—she lifted them with a half-frightened gaze as of one in awe-struck surprise, and looked straight into his face.

The steadfast simple look seemed almost to awe the man too. He said not a word. But he knocked the ashes from his pipe quite deliberately, and only any one quite close to him could have seen that his hand trembled as he did so. Then he came up close to her. "Have you been to town, Phœbe, child?" said he. "Why, that parcel is too big for you to carry all this way."

Paul was a big broad-chested fellow—a typical sailor—with curling hair, and honest face, and kindly blue eye; but he was no milksop for all his kind nature. His comrades knew him for the most determined fellow in the world, though they were used to say he could always get his way by sheer good-humor and light-heartedness. But to-night there was no doubt about it that his hand trembled as he took the parcel from the young girl's hold, and that his voice trembled too as he spoke.

Phœbe laughed as he said that the parcel was too heavy for her to carry. She had not been used to so much consideration.

"I'm no chit," said she, with a little toss of her head. "I've brought heavier things over from town than that."

"No, indeed, you're no chit," said Paul, with a curious sort of pride, as he looked at her tall, straight, strong young figure, her well-shaped little head crowned with its nut-brown coil of hair, and so proudly poised upon the upright, slender throat, "no one could say you were a chit, though I suppose many might say you are but a child," added he, half-regretfully.

"Ay, so they do," assented Phœbe, a thought disdainfully, and turning away her head; "but I can tell them I'm no such child as they fancy."

"No; I dare say you're wiser than your years. How old are you, if I might ask?"

"Why, I'm seventeen come Lady-day," said Phœbe, half-apologetically, "and no one can say that *that* isn't grown up."

"No," agreed Paul, a little doubtfully. "But Lady-day is a good way off yet!"

He turned and began walking slowly back again toward the cottages, carrying the parcel in his hand.

Phœbe followed demurely, and for a few moments there was silence, for Paul was thinking how he should say his say to this child, who could know nothing of love. But when they got quite close to the dwellings of the sailors, the girl, mindful of decorum, came up to her companion and stretched out her hand for the parcel.

"Thank you, Mr. Crew," said she, half-timidly. "I'll take it now, for I must be hastening home, and my way lies here up the short-cut."

"I'm coming up," answered the man. "I've a message up yonder. You'll let me carry it for you to the top?"

"Oh, of course, if you like," smiled the girl; "but it isn't heavy, really."

"No, it isn't heavy," assented he, weighing it critically in his hands. "What's in it?"

Phœbe blushed.

Of course he would think her very vain to care for a new gown.

"I suppose it's a dress for yourself, eh?"

He positively took it for granted it was a dress. Then he could not think it so very unreasonable of her to want new clothes before the old ones were quite in rags. The mother thought it horribly unreasonable.

"I've earned it myself," said Phœbe, with a half pout, "and Jim had new breeches the other day, and so had Kate a new flannel petticoat. It *was* my turn. And I earned it all spudding thistles."

"Earned it, did you?" said the young man, admiringly. "You're a thrifty girl. But you shouldn't be set to spudding thistles. It's too hard work for such a young thing as you. And it's ill pay besides."

Phœbe laughed.

"Folk must get paid as they can," said she. "Little's better than nothing. And as for the work—" She laughed again.

Phœbe had the prettiest soft silvery laugh in the world. Indeed, for all her tall, comely figure, and her finely set little chin, and her deep dark eyes that seemed to hold the capacity of so much fire, she was only a soft lovable child; but very fascinating in her shyly defiant ways of budding girlhood.

Paul Crew must have been quite sure that she was very fascinating, for he looked at her till she stopped short in her low laugh and blushed beneath his gaze.

"Work doesn't seem to have stopped your growth, anyhow," said he, still looking at her.

There was a pause. Phœbe found nothing to say, and only edged away a little as Paul seemed to come closer to her in his walk.

They climbed the hill silently; the steep lane went up between hawthorn and maple hedges till it skirted the hill at last and reached a knoll at the top where pines grew in a row and set their straight red stems, with bows bent and broken by the storm-wind, up against the gold-flushed sky.

They had left the sea behind as they climbed, but now as they reached the crest of the cliff and turned to look back again, the fresh salt breeze smote upon their faces, tempered by the lull of evening. For over the white cliff and the yellow down, and beyond the strip of marsh and beach below, the sea lapped over the little green rocks at the ebb of its tide, and lay limpid in the calm of a summer twilight. The breeze that played gently over it did but just fleck its clear surface with shades and streaks of color. The sun had set long since, and the after-glow was fading fast. Only a long line of quickly dimming gold-red light, darting into streaks close about the place where the sun had been, brought a memory of the glories that had existed. At the top of the hill stood a great windmill, whose gaunt black arms detached themselves against the still luminous sky, and from the mill a path across the meadows led straight into the little village. Paul stopped before he opened the gate at the top of the meadow for Phœbe to pass through, and shifted the parcel over to his left hand.

The scent of the pines that grew close to them lingered yet in the warm air where the sun had drawn the fragrance of every sweet thing to the surface, and the pleasant perfume stole over them tenderly in the deepening twilight.

Beneath them the widening valleys and the swelling downs opened out freely away from the sea, and beside the placid stream that wound over the plain, quiet cattle wandered silently.

Phœbe put out her hand to open the gate, but Paul laid his upon it and stopped her.

"Don't go for a minute," said he.

"Mother will be cross," answered the girl. "It's supper-time."

"No, not for five minutes or so. I'll make it straight with your mother."

Phœbe said no more. She felt again that strange conviction that what was coming was to be something very serious for her, and she was frightened, yet she did not dare resist the spell.

"Phœbe," said Paul, presently, "would you like to be able to have new gowns sometimes without having to work so hard for them?"

"I don't know," answered the girl. "Maybe I should."

"Well, so you could if you liked," said Paul, with a little nervous laugh. But almost as soon as he had said the words his manner changed. His face grew serious, quite serious and very tender, and he took the hand upon which he had laid his own fondly within his. "But there, that's not the way I meant to say it," murmured he. "It's not treating you as I feel toward you to talk as if I fancied you cared much for new gowns one way or the other. I think very differently of you to that. Only you're such a child in years, it seems almost wrong to speak. But I don't feel to you as I would to a child, Phœbe. I think you're a woman in spite of your years. I know I'm older than you. Why, I'm going on for ten years older than you; but all the same I'm not very old either, and I love you very much. I've loved you ever since I saw you first, and I said to myself then, God willing, Phœbe Mallett shall be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Crew!" said Phœbe, faintly, trying to draw away her hand.

"Ah, don't be frightened," answered he, dropping the awkward parcel in his distress, and putting his other hand over the one in which he held hers. "Don't go away, I didn't mean to have spoken this long while; but, somehow, I couldn't help it to-night. But don't be frightened; I won't want any answer from you. It would be a shame to ask a girl to make up her mind before she had seen any one to choose from. You shall just go on growing a bit older and a bit wiser first, and forget all about me. Only, when you *do* think at all, you must say to yourself, 'Paul Crew loves me dearly, and whenever the day comes for me to think of wedding, it's him I'll give an answer to first.'"

"Oh, Mr. Crew!" repeated Phœbe.

"Will you promise me that?" urged he. "As you are but a child yet, I know you can't have loved any one else, so I don't mind asking you to promise it."

Phœbe was silent. She turned away her face from him, looking out to the twilight sky, and with her free hand began to play with the brooch at her throat. It did not seem to occur to her to draw away her left hand from the gentle grasp in which Paul held it.

"I'll wait patiently if you only promise me to do that," continued he, folding the hand ever so little tighter. "I'll wait as long as a year, if you like."

She drew her hand away then, and let both fall in front of her. But still she did not speak. She seemed to be considering.

"Ah, well, I won't tease you," said Paul at last, with a little sigh. "I'll wait till you've a mind to think of such things at all. Never mind."

He picked up the foolish parcel that had led to his declaration, and opened the gate for her to pass.

But now Phœbe did not move. She only drew herself up a little as if with a decision.

"Why should I have no mind to think of such things?" said she at last, half-shyly, half-defiantly. "Ought I not to?"

Paul looked at her. He was too much surprised to speak.

"If I ought not to, why did you ask me?" She did not say it roughly or boldly, but quite simply, as a child might have said it, and with a puzzled, even a hurt tone in her soft voice.

Paul even fancied that he heard it tremble. He came close to her in a moment.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have spoken," faltered he. "Perhaps it wasn't fair!"

"It *isn't* fair to treat me like a child," she pouted. "I'm not such a child as that. That's what—what everybody says—'only a child.' They think I can do woman's work, though, and they shall see I can."

"I won't call you a child if you don't like it, dear," answered Paul. "But"—and he came up to her and put his hand lightly on her arm—"do you mean to say that you would like to make up your mind *now?*"

"I don't see any need for that," said the girl, drawing back again. "Only I don't like to be treated like a child."

Paul sighed. "Ah, I don't feel toward you as if you were a child," he said, gently. "I told you that I did not. But perhaps it's about as much like a woman too, not to like making up her mind. Anyhow, we had best let it be as I said at first. I'll wait a year, and then you shall see."

He opened the gate again that had swung to, and this time Phœbe passed through. The slanting cone-shaped roofs of the hop-kilns before them made the entrance to the village.

They belonged to Farmer Wills, the richest land-owner in the place, and it was young Wills who came down the road now at the foot of the meadow, and nodded a greeting to Phœbe.

He had been one of those who had been wont to rally Jack Foster the most merrily upon his affection for the widow's pretty little daughter, and Phœbe knew it, and Phœbe was glad that he should see her now walking beside Mr. Paul Crew, the chief at the coast-guard.

"You see, mother mightn't like me to settle just like that," she said, half-apologetically.

"No; just so, just so," assented Paul. "Let it bide, and say no more about it, dear. We'll be friends just as before at present. And when I think it's time, I'll ask you again. May I?" Paul dropped his voice as he said the last words. All through his speech with her the voice that the sailors were wont to hear strong and burly across the marsh and the beach had been tuned to a very soft pitch in comparison, but with these words it dropped almost to a whisper. Phœbe liked him for it.

She liked to note that his big voice was soft and low and tremulous when he spoke to her. Yes, child as she was, she was proud of it—proud to have the best man in the neighborhood at her feet; but, to do her justice, proud, too, to know what a true, noble, simple heart beat here beside her, and beat for her.

She was not so much of a child but that she could pretty well guess what a downright good fellow was this man who strode beside her, and looked at her so tenderly.

She stole a glance at him when he was not looking, as she walked along the road to the cottage. He was very handsome. A girl might well be proud to have such a man for a lover. All the village respected him. Parson had said only the other day to the mother what a fine fellow he was, and how lucky any girl would be who got him for a husband. And mother had said that Mr. Crew would never marry a village maid. Yet now he wanted to marry her. And wanted it so much that his voice trembled when he asked it. It was very sweet to be loved like that by such a man, and surely it was ungrateful to make him suffer.

As she thought of it, what had only been girlish vanity and pride a minute ago changed of a sudden into tenderness.

She turned and looked with her frank young eyes straight into his face, and slipped her warm young hand into his with a quick movement of affection.

Paul stopped in his walk, and his heart began to beat wildly. There had been such a long pause since his last words that he had thought Phœbe was not going to answer them at all, and he had resigned himself to saying no more. But now she was going to speak, and his heart beat.

"I think I ought to tell you what to expect *now*, Mr. Crew," she said. "It isn't fair to make you wait, because you might be unhappy, mightn't you? Well, then, I'm nearly sure that I should like to marry you some day."

Paul's heart gave a great leap within his bosom. In all faith his divinity was a strange creature. If he had not been so terribly in earnest he might have smiled. But he could not smile; he could not even speak.

"I think it's very good of you to want to marry a poor girl like me," continued Phœbe. "I never thought any one would want to marry me for a long time. But I'm very old for my age, they say. I've had to work so hard. And I dare say in a little time I shall make you a good wife. I'll try to."

Paul had found his voice now.

"God bless you!" he said, earnestly. "I don't fear." And as he spoke, he put his arm around her and drew her toward him, and Phœbe did not resist.

She still left her hand confidingly in his, and though she turned her face from him a little just at first, she did not struggle when he took the slender chin in his great hand and kissed her fondly on the lips many, many times.

When Phœbe Mallett walked into the poor little shop where her mother sold the village groceries, her pretty face was radiant with innocent pride, and her bright eyes shone with happiness.

The cottage seemed smaller and homelier than ever as she looked around, and life outside larger and more tempting. And she was glad that life had beckoned to her so gayly and so soon; and she was glad that cares could never wear lines in *her* face as they had worn them ever since she could remember in the face of the mother who had once been as beautiful as she was.

Yes, she was glad.

It had been difficult at first. The choice had come to her early. But the choice *had* come to her, the choice between happiness and care, and she was glad that she had chosen happiness.

Did Phœbe dream that night? Did the wings of any unknown Fate stir above her quiet bed? Did any cruel phantom face smile at the courage in that eager eye, in that fresh young face and strong young body and tender, fiery soul?—smile at the courage of living and loving; smile at the trust in fate?

Oh, if any voice whispered into that sleeping ear, may it have been a kindly voice, promising that those bright eyes, which looked so confidently now into the deepest destiny of life, should always be able to penetrate the mists of trouble, and see clearly to the distant shores of peace beyond!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAWN TENNIS IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN

Hardly any person living outside the city of Brooklyn, and only a small number of those living in that city, have any conception of what enthusiasm is evinced by the lawn tennis players who frequent Prospect Park, and the splendid accommodations that are provided for them by the Park authorities. The popularity of the game is something wonderful. Five years ago, with the exception of a few clubs, like the Young America of Philadelphia, the Longwood of Boston, the St. George's of New York, the Staten Island of Staten Island, the Far and Near of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and the Orange Lawn Tennis Club of Orange, New Jersey, there was very little play going on. Now Brooklyn alone has upward of one hundred and fifty regularly organized lawn tennis clubs, each club with a membership ranging from eight to twenty-four members, with a president, secretary, and treasurer; and they all play in Prospect Park.

Mr. John Y. Culyer, the Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the Park, has been obliged this year, by the demands made on him for grounds to play the game on, to take in part of the croquet ground, in addition to the space used last year, when an area of twenty-five acres was occupied by the hundred and fifty clubs.

The ground laid out for lawn tennis is called the "Long Meadow," situated close to the main entrance at Flatbush Avenue. It is slightly undulating in character, preventing the whole of the eighty acres, which is its area, from being used for courts.

The Park Commissioners have devoted a large sum from their maintenance fund for the purpose of providing every comfort for the players. The upper floor of the picnic shelter, which is close to the grounds, is reserved exclusively for the use of ladies, while down-stairs are perfectly appointed wash-rooms, with lockers ranged all around, and as good dressing facilities as is possible. In the Litchfield mansion, the official building, is also a room with lockers in it. This is principally used as a store-room for nets and the paraphernalia of the game. This year, in order to provide greater accommodations, the Carrousel has been moved nearer the ground, and a piazza built all around it for the spectators to lounge on, with additional conveniences for the safe-keeping of goods. This has been made necessary by the increased number of applications for courts, which up to the present time aggregate more than one hundred and fifty. The players are under no expense except for the implements of the game, as the Park Commission has three men constantly at work marking out courts and attending to the wants of the people on the ground, besides having an additional force to keep the turf rolled and cut.

To give some idea of the amount of work necessary to keep the ground properly marked, it may be here stated that thirty-eight barrels of whiting were used last year for that purpose, as the lines have to be gone over about twice a week, and also after every rain-storm.

The only expense the clubs playing there are put to is buying their nets, rackets, and balls, and furnishing a small pennant with the name of their organization inscribed on it, which has to be placed near the court they are playing on, after they have obtained their permit to play, for which an early application is necessary. Play goes on from nine o'clock in the morning until half past six in the afternoon, but about five o'clock is when the sport is really at its zenith, the field at that time presenting a most animated appearance.

The growing appetite for healthy out-door amusement is amply gratified on these splendid grounds, and the knowledge of that fact seems to have spurred the energies of our own Central Park authorities to try and provide for the wants of our citizens in the same direction. Last year they went over to Prospect Park and inspected the ground and the appointments for the comfort of the players, and it is understood will endeavor to make similar arrangements in their Park, and give the youth of New York an outlet for their energies by providing a suitable stretch of turf on which to play the game of lawn tennis.

THE CUSTOMS APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Edward L. Hedden was appointed on June 27 to be "Collector of Customs for the District of New York," to succeed Judge Robertson. Mr. Hedden is a native of New York city, and about fifty-seven years of age. He entered the firm of Wetmore, Cryder, & Co. in 1859, and was a member of it until its dissolution a year ago. The business of the house was the purchase and sale on commission of China and India goods, and Mr. Hedden had exclusive charge of its Custom-house dealings for nearly thirty-five years. He has been for some time Vice-President of the North River Bank, and a director in other banks, and in several insurance companies. In politics, though he has never taken a very active part, he has been a Democrat, and in the local divisions of the party has acted with the County Democracy. He was recommended for appointment by a number of the importers and shipping merchants of the city, by bank presidents and insurance company presidents. His political support came from Mr. Edward Cooper and Mr. Hubert O. Thompson.

Colonel Silas W. Burt was on the same day appointed Naval Officer, from which position he retired in 1883. Colonel Burt is a native of Albany, and is fifty-five years of age. He is a graduate of Union College, of the same class as Ex-President Arthur, and by profession is a civil engineer, but has been for nearly a quarter of a century in the public service. In 1862, during the administration of Governor E. D. Morgan, he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General and Auditor of Military Accounts, and did much arduous and valuable work in connection with furnishing and equipping the New York volunteers for the Union army. He was retained by Governor Seymour, and afterward, during both his terms, by Governor Fenton, under whom he had charge of the adjustment of the accounts of the State of New York with the national government growing out of the war. He entered the customs service of the national government in 1869 as a clerk, was soon promoted to be Deputy Naval Officer, and practically had charge of the executive work of the office until 1878, when he was made Naval Officer by President Hayes. His administration of the office was marked by thorough organization, strict discipline, prompt work, and absolute independence of politicians. He was among the first to encourage his subordinates to act as they chose on requests for political contributions, and he was the chief in the application of the principles and methods of civil service reform to the Custom-house under President Hayes's order of 1877. On the failure of President Arthur to re-appoint him, Mr. Burt declined the nomination as Chief Examiner of the United States Civil Service Commission, as not made in good faith, and accepted the position of Chief Examiner from the State Commission. In this position he has supervised the organization of the reform in the State and municipal service, and has contributed largely to the remarkable success it has attained.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A philosopher and inquirer in Arkansas has started the question whether or not a man inevitably has at his birth "the physical ailment, perhaps in an infinitesimal degree," which eventually carries him off. Undoubtedly that depends. The man who comes to be hanged very likely had no trace of his final trouble at the time of his birth, whereas the ailment of a person who dies of old age may be said to have been with him at the time of his birth in an infinitesimal degree.

At the opening of the Broadway street railroad everybody was curious to know how it would seem to travel along that thoroughfare in a horse-car. The feeling of curiosity lasted for several days. Since then most people have been wondering how it would seem to get a seat in one of the cars.

The punctuation of a paragraph which was written, "Prince Bismarck notwithstanding, the Society for the Promotion of the Latin Characters in Printing is fast extending in Germany," was altered in the hands of the printer so as to read, "Prince Bismarck, notwithstanding the Society for the Promotion of the Latin Characters in Printing, is fast extending in Germany," and readers supposed that the Chancellor was growing very fat, but was still containable within the boundaries of the empire.

There are seven vacant professorships at Chapel Hill University, North Carolina, and three hundred and twenty-nine persons have expressed the desire to fill them. The opportunities for disappointment are unusually many.

Few people, after all, would know what to do if they were called upon to bury a whale. In the case of a whale cast ashore recently near Newport, those having the burial observances in charge cut the leviathan into seven pieces, which were towed out to sea by the steamer *Fairy* and sunk by means of enormous stones. Formerly, and we had supposed the method was still in vogue, the whale was tried into oil and cremated in thousands of lamps.

The London *World* mildly complains of those humorists who send their Newfoundland dogs into the Serpentine in Hyde Park and then walk quickly into the crowd of pedestrians about Rotten Row. The dogs leap from the stream and dash hotly after their masters, operating, of course, like watering-carts upon all those among whom they make their way.

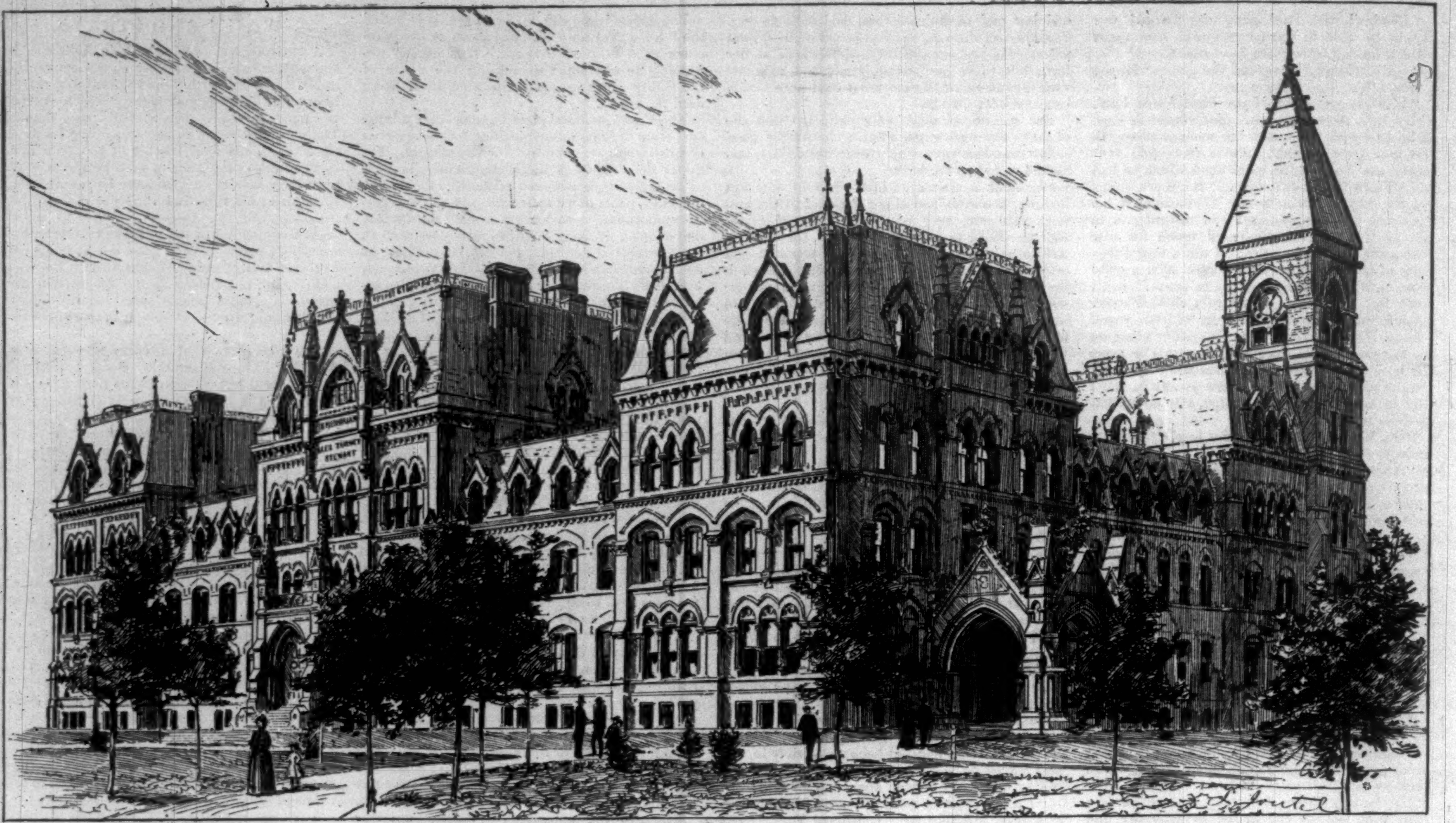
The largest diamond in the world, found in South Africa, and weighing 475 carats, or 195 carats more than the Shah of Persia's "Grand Mogul," long the biggest diamond known, is about to be cut at Amsterdam, where a special workshop is being constructed for the purpose. The Dutch diamond-cutters are famously careful artisans, but it is probable that they will particularly look to it that the door of that shop is securely fastened nights.

The Hartford *Times* recently said of some Park Commissioners that they would "dine off the dogs," or the dogs would "dine off the Commissioners." The *Times* had intended to use the word "drive" instead of the word "dine," which would have made its remark quite commonplace.

A correspondent in Norway, Minnesota, referring to an article published in the Weekly on February 7, objects to the designation of Scandinavian snow-shoes as "clumsy planks." He says that the Scandinavians have snow-shoes almost like those of the Canadians, but that they use them only in walking in dense woods where there is deep snow. For open places the Scandinavian uses the *ski*, which is "made for running or sliding on the snow," and enables the wearer to move with astonishing swiftness.

Again a newspaper writer deplores the thin nasal voices of Americans; but this one says that the voices in question are unnatural, and he expresses the belief that if public attention can be turned to the matter, our unpleasant vocal tones can not only be ameliorated, but can be changed into absolute music, which shall fall sonorously and delightfully upon all ears. He believes this because the American has shown his capacity for evolution in so many ways; and the American's capacity for exceedingly rapid evolution is a reason for the critic's further belief that a single generation will suffice to fill this land with voices which shall sound like silver bells. And this leads us to wonder what the effect would be if Hosea Biglow's poems were to be read mellifluously, and whether Mark Twain would ever consent to the change.

The London *Standard* objects to "the halo of romance which surrounds the memories of famous highwaymen." Claude Duval, Jerry Abershaw, Sixteen-string Jack, Dick Turpin, and Jack Sheppard, the *Standard* says, "were miserable cowards with scarcely a redeeming feature about them." Hotspur and Robin Hood "were robbers, but at least they were brave robbers. The highwayman was essentially a sneaking, prowling night bird. The odds were always in his favor. He was well mounted and well armed. He chose the scene of his exploits for the facility it afforded him of escaping. Guards, drivers, innkeepers, constables, were in his pay. At the slightest sign of determination or resistance he struck spurs to his steed and scampered away, and if, at the closing scene, from sheer fondness of life he made a fight for it, he was magnified into a hero, and his last journey to Tyburn tree resembled rather a triumphal progress than the passage of a malefactor to execution."

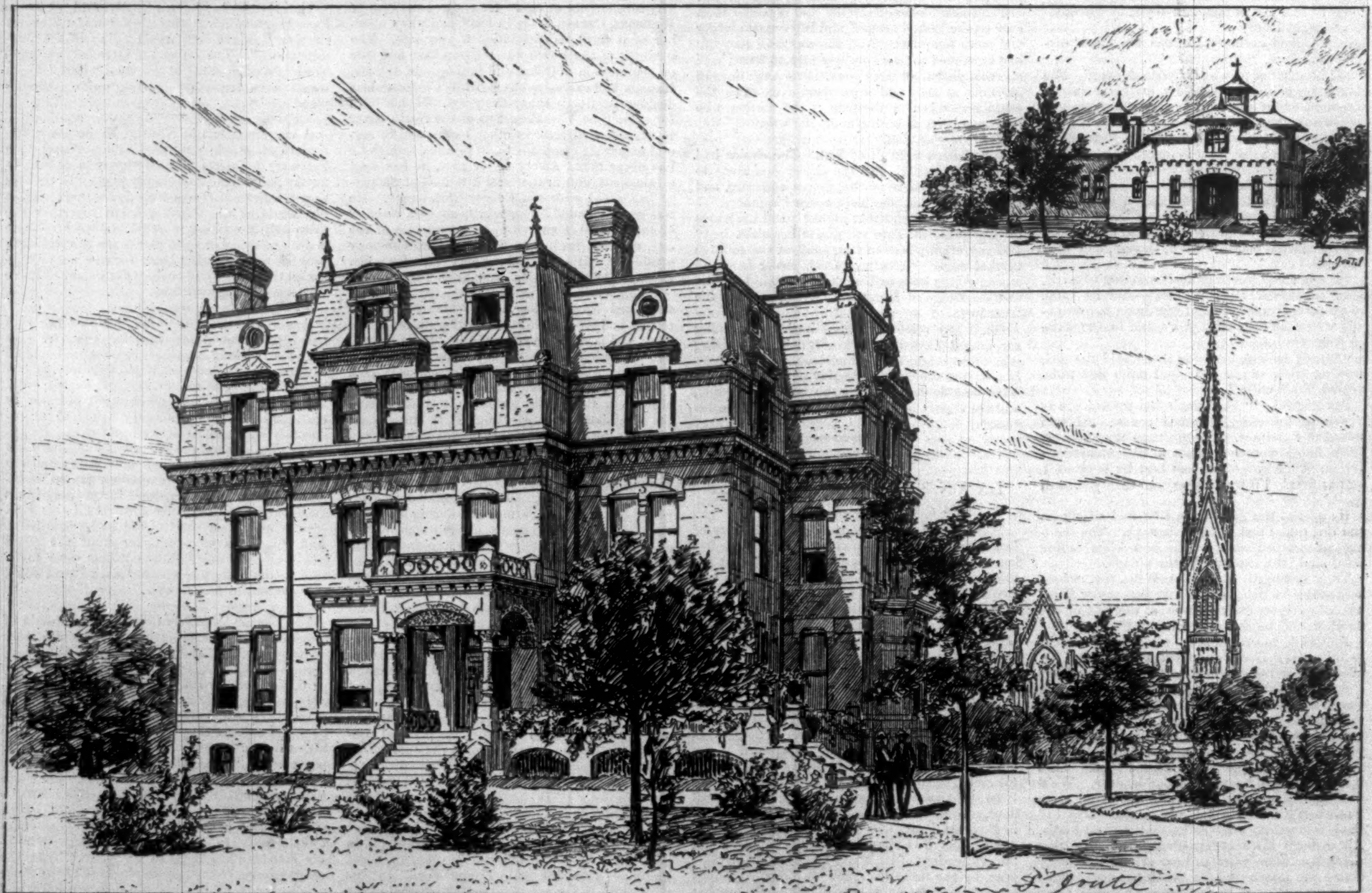


ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

THE STEWART TITLE-DEEDS.

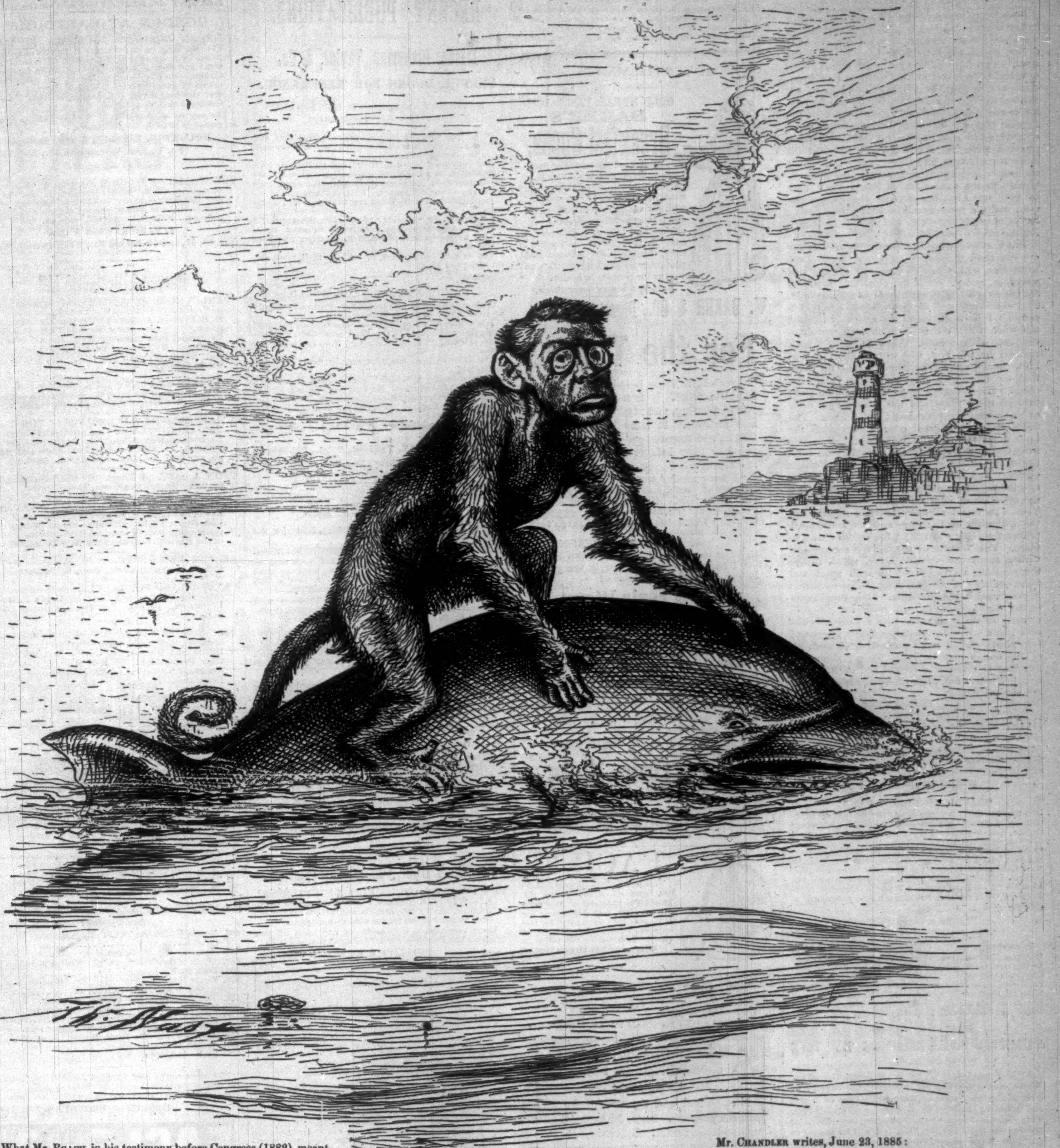
The consecration of the Memorial Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, on June 2, meant more than was indicated by the mere ceremonial, important as that was in the eyes of Churchmen. The title-deeds which Mrs. Stewart laid on the Cathedral altar, in the presence of the great congregation of bishops, priests, and laymen, conveyed as a free gift thirty-seven acres of land, with the episcopal residence, or See House, and all its belongings, the superb building of St. Paul's School for Boys, and the site for the proposed St. Mary's School for Girls. With the title-deeds there was also deposited a bond guaranteeing the annual income of $15,000 for the Cathedral and the schools. We present herewith engravings of the See House, its stables and out-buildings, and of St. Paul's School. All these are from the architectural designs of Mr. Harris. The most important—namely, the school building—is, but for its Mansard-roof, a good example of Victorian Gothic. It is without doubt one of the finest school buildings in America, and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty pupils. The deed of gift stipulates that the Bishop of Long Island shall make the See House his official residence. It is not, perhaps, generally known that Bishop Littlejohn's episcopate reaches across the ocean, and includes the American Chapel at Rome, whither once a year he goes to discharge the duties of his sacred office. It is stated on good authority that the endowment fund will be increased by $10,000 before the close of the year, and it is hoped that the complete realization of the plan for Cathedral schools will shortly follow. St. Mary's School is as yet unprovided with a permanent home, but it is in active operation, established in certain of the houses belonging to the Stewart estate.

Garden City, when this scheme is realized, will become an educational and ecclesiastical centre, around which will cluster a multitude of accessories which must make it in many respects one of the most attractive places of residence in the country. The qualification is intentionally put, for to the great majority of country lovers there is nothing naturally attractive in the great Hempstead plain, that stretches from the ocean to the range of hills that forms the backbone of Long Island. More intimate acquaintance, however, shows that these plains possess characteristics that render them delightful and healthful for suburban residences. The prevailing southwest wind sweeps over them straight from the ocean; the soil, underlaid by a vast bed of gravel, is such as to preclude the possibility of malaria, and at the same time to provide an inexhaustible supply of pure, naturally filtered water. Church and state are harmoniously united in the administration of affairs, rowdyism is unknown, and the whole influence of the princely endowment funds is in the direction of good order and for the best advantage of all concerned.



SEE HOUSE AND STABLES.

SKETCHES OF GARDEN CITY.—Drawn by Louis Joutel from Photographs by Rockwood.



What Mr. ROACH, in his testimony before Congress (1882), meant by "sea speed":

"I think that we ought to build no ships of less than fifteen knots speed, and that a portion of your fleet should have a speed of eighteen knots; and when I speak of speed I don't mean speed according to the English standard. Their plan is to take the speed of the vessel in running a measured mile, and count that as the speed. But the speed I mean is the average speed of the ship in ordinary fair weather, and she must be able to keep it up for twenty-four hours if necessary. Twenty-four hours is about as long as you want to chase an enemy or run away from him. If you do not succeed in that time you may as well give the thing up."

Mr. CHANDLER writes, June 23, 1885:

"This provision of law was complied with, and Mr. ROACH bid upon the designs of the Navy Department, and justly and properly was compelled to guarantee only good workmanship. He guaranteed neither speed, horse-power, nor anything else, except that the materials should be 'first-class and of the very best quality,' and well and faithfully put together according to the plans and specifications of the department, and under the inspection and supervision of the Naval Advisory Board. There is no 'looseness of the contract' nor 'absence of effective stipulations,' as Mr. WHITNEY asserts, but all the provisions are to be found necessary to carry out the fundamental idea upon which the contract was based, namely, good work on Mr. ROACH's part applied to the department's designs."

A DOLPHIN AND A MONKEY TIME.

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE "DOLPHIN."

MESSRS. JOHN ROACH & SON signed the contract to build the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, about the acceptance of which such a controversy has arisen, on July 23, 1883. They offered it to the government just in time for the question of its acceptance to be decided by Mr. WHITNEY, as Secretary of the Navy, and not by his predecessor, Mr. CHANDLER. Secretary WHITNEY appointed a committee to make trials of the new boat, and to report whether it was acceptable. After repeated trials, the committee reported that the *Dolphin* lacked the required speed and was structurally weak. The committee pointed out what it thought were faults of the specifications as well as of the work done by the builder. The Secretary asked the opinion of the Attorney-General whether, as shown by the report of the committee, he had on his hands "what was in the nature of a bad bargain or broken contract." If the burden of blame falls on the Naval Advisory Board which approved the specifications, the Secretary must accept the boat; but if it falls on the builder, then, of course, there has been a breach of contract, and the government ought not to accept it. The Attorney-General has not yet rendered a decision, but the controversy meanwhile has waxed warm in the newspapers.

The speed that it is claimed was required by the contract is fifteen knots an hour at sea. The *Dolphin* made fifteen knots an hour on Long Island Sound, which is equivalent to not more than thirteen knots sea speed. The examining committee made this one of the leading points of its criticism. Mr. JOHN ROACH has maintained that no definite speed was required by the contract, but that it was intended that the boat should make fifteen knots an hour at sea, and he thinks that it can be made to attain that speed. The other main point of the examining committee's criticism is that the *Dolphin* is structurally weak. On the first trial trip the crank-pin proved unsatisfactory, and on subsequent trials the vibrations of the boat on smooth water gave reason for fear about its strength. Mr. ROACH answers that the boat has been built strictly according to the plans and specifications of the Naval Advisory Board, and that he is responsible only for the quality of the material and the character of the work. The latest incident of the discussion was the publication on June 23 of a letter by ex-Secretary CHANDLER, in which he defends both the Advisory Board and the builder of the *Dolphin*, and undertakes to show that Secretary WHITNEY's dissatisfaction with the boat has a political and personal meaning.

The *Dolphin* is 240 feet long, with 32 feet beam, and a displacement of 1413 tons. Her engines show a horse-power of 2253, and weigh 405 tons. The controversy has caused minute comparison of these dimensions with the dimensions of other boats of similar build which have greater speed than the *Dolphin* has shown, especially with the British boat the *Surprise*. The *Surprise* is 250 feet long, with 32¼ feet beam, 1400 tons displacement, and her engines show 3014 horse-power, and weigh 330 tons. The *Surprise*, therefore, though not very different from the *Dolphin* in size, is more powerful with less weight. On smooth water she has made more than seventeen as against the *Dolphin's* fifteen knots an hour.

THE POPPY IN PERSIA.

From time immemorial opium has been grown in Persia in the neighborhood of Yezd, and enough was always produced there to supply the demands of the native market. Nine out of ten of the aged in Persia take from one to five grains of the drug daily; it is largely used by the native physicians, and a considerable export was kept up *viâ* Meshed to Central Asia. During the cotton famine caused by our civil war the attention of the Persian ryot was turned to the cultivation of the cotton bush; but cotton soon became hardly worth growing, save the small amount required for home manufacture, and the villagers throughout the centre and south gradually turned their attention to the cultivation of the poppy. Year by year this crop has become a more favorite one; and the result has been that grain-growing has been much neglected, with the effect of raising the price in some districts.

In the neighborhood of Ispahan, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but fields of poppies are to be seen, with a small patch here and there of wheat or barley, which the cultivator produces for his own use or to give some rest to his land. The white variety of the poppy is the one that is grown. It is sown broadcast and very thickly, and when it first comes up resembles a very abundant crop of dandelions. This redundance is soon reduced by the ryot, who with a short curved knife hacks away superfluous plants till those that are left stand some six inches from each other. The reducing process has to be gone through many times, and the ground kept clear of weeds until the plant is six inches high. The fields are also irrigated once a week until the buds are about to burst into bloom. It is this irrigation, probably, that accounts for the inferiority in the percentage of morphia in Persian opium. And now that the poppies are in flower and the petals are about to fall, the ryots, under the direction of men from the neighborhood of Yezd, who travel all over Persia to superintend the gathering of the crop and its subsequent preparation, begin to collect the opium from the plant. This is done by scoring the seed-vessels with a small three-bladed knife, which makes three gashes an eighth of an inch apart and three-quarters of an inch long. The operation is performed in the afternoon. From these gashes the opium exudes in tears, which are collected at early dawn by scraping with a piece of glass or a knife. If unfortunately a heavy shower of rain should fall, a large proportion or even all of the opium may be lost. This gashing and scraping is repeated a second and even a third time. The poppies, after the opium is extracted, are used as fodder.

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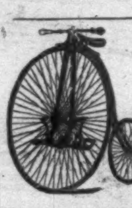

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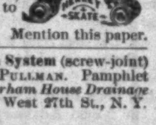

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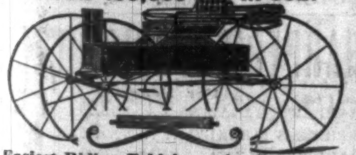

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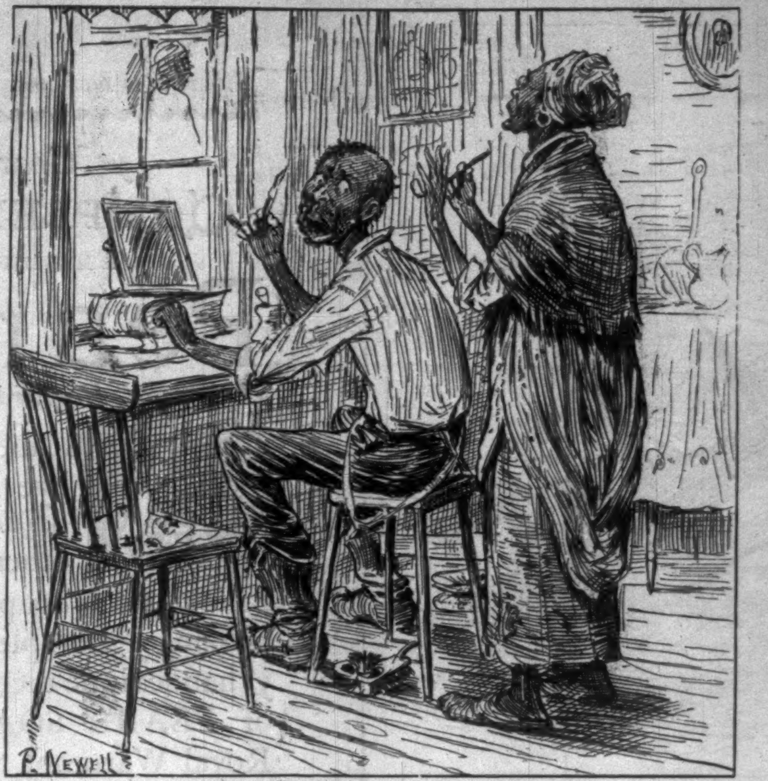

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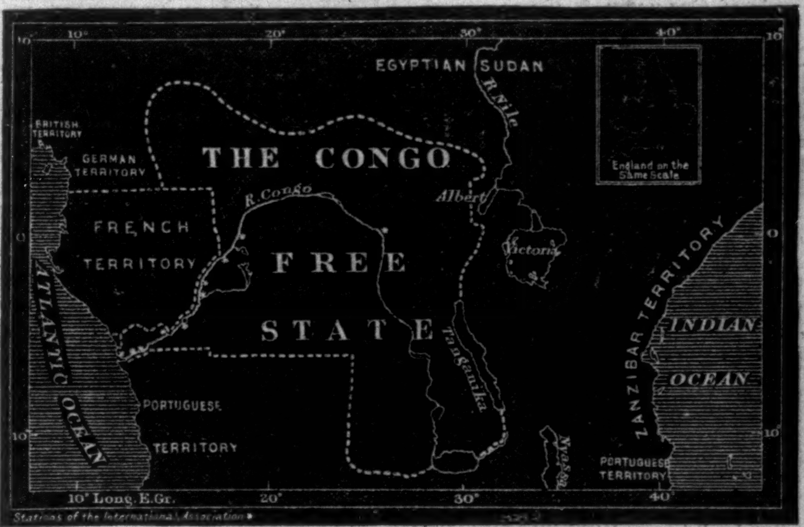

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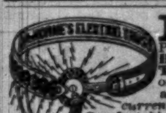

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